O REWARD.—FIND THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£1,000 Free Insurance.

GET THE NEW PEARSON'S PUZZLE.

OUT TO-DAY.

1d. *Everywhere.*

Registered for Transmission to Canada. WEEK ENDING APRIL 2, 1908. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

WHY, WHEN—

Telling how a Silver Sixpence can equal a rich man's £5 note

Why, when you sit down to a meal, do you do so dreading its after-effects? It is because you are a dyspeptic, suffering from chronic indigestion. Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa is the sworn enemy of indigestion. It is in a great measure self-digesting, and it assists also in the digestion of other foods. To ensure a good digestion, take Vi-Cocoa with your meals. Does Vi-Cocoa bring on biliousness, or derange the nervous system? No, Vi-Cocoa does not create biliousness like coffee, nor nervous excitability like tea. Vi-Cocoa possesses very valuable dietetic qualities, and a great number of dyspeptics owe to it a repast the more every day, and an indigestion the less at every repast. The weakest stomach benefits from its use.

All is not gold that glitters, as you have no doubt heard said before. And this brings us back to the silver sixpence with which we started. Do not spend it on medicines which will do you no good—and the cheapest of them will cost you more than one silver sixpence—but just straightway invest it in a packet of Vi-Cocoa and become strong and healthy as thousands of men and women have already done.

YOUR BIRTHRIGHT IS HEALTH.

The Science in a Nutshell.

'Health is a man's birthright. It is as natural to be well as to be born. All pathological conditions, all diseases, and all tendencies to disease are the result of the transgression of physiologic and hygienic law. This is the science of health in a nutshell.'—[illegible]

Eno's Fruit Salt

IS NATURE'S ANTIDOTE FOR HUMAN ILLS arising from the neglect or violation of her laws.

'Our Acts, our angels are, for good or ill, Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.'

'As Health is such a blessing, and the very source of all pleasure, it may be worth the pains to discover the region where it grows, the springs that feed it, the customs and methods by which it is best cultivated and preserved.'—SIR W. TEMPLE.

CAUTION.—*Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.*

Prepared only by J. C. ENO Limited.

'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E.

Headache CURED IN 10 MINUTES.

One Kapeline cures in ten minutes the most violent Headache or Neuralgia. We want to prove this safe and reliable medicine to every sufferer, and in order to do so will send you two free sample doses of Kapeline by return post.

Write to C. E. KAPETINE, Kapeline Works, Wakefield.

Kapeline is sold by Chemists and Stores everywhere. Packets of 12 doses, 1/-. Samples 1d.

When Writing to Advertisers please Mention PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

WARRANTED 15 YEARS

[illegible] Coventry Cycles [illegible] FROM £3. 10s. [illegible] 10% DISCOUNT [illegible] TRADE TERMS [illegible]

MEAD CYCLE CO. [illegible]

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR.

A 1d. packet makes 12 delicious buns [illegible] Almond, Lemon, or Vanilla.

FITS CURED

Particulars sent post free of TRENCH'S REMEDY, the famous CURE for Epilepsy and Fits. [illegible] 25 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the world; 1,000 in one year.

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LTD., [illegible] South Frederick Street, Dublin.

BOON TO MEN.

[illegible]

JAS. MURRAY, [illegible] London, W.C.

Eiffel Tower MILK PUDDING

A 1d. packet makes a delicious milk pudding in ten minutes. Try it. You will be delighted.

A BUSY TIME

[illegible] H. SAMUEL'S

MAGNIFICENT WATCH AND JEWEL ALBUM

[illegible] to buyers, [illegible] independent [illegible] advantages [illegible] means.

[illegible] LOWEST FACTORY PRICES. [illegible] REAL DIAMOND [illegible]

FREE PRIZES FOR ALL BUYERS.

The "ACME" SILVER LEVER, 25/- with FREE GIFT of SOLID SILVER ALBERT.

H. SAMUEL, 97, Market Street, MANCHESTER.

BOYS.

Every able-bodied boy should send for particulars of light work to be done in exchange for Watches, Cameras, Boxing-Gloves, Penknives, and other Useful Gifts.

This is a genuine offer. Don't delay. Send a Post-card at once to—

THE ASHFORD NOVELTY COMPANY, 2 Hove Villas, Ashford, Middlesex.

LADIES

should write to-day enclosing 1d. stamp for valuable Booklet and FREE SAMPLE of BLANCHARD'S PILLS. [illegible]

LESLIE MARTYN Ltd., Chemists, 34 DALSTON LANE, LONDON.

£500 GIVEN AWAY.

ENDS

We will give £100 in Cash to those sending us the Correct Solution of this Rebus. Don't rush. Think for just a moment. Remember there is only one correct solution. If several correct answers are received we shall invite two independent persons to award the Cash pro rata. If you are nearly correct you will participate in numerous other prizes, amounting in all to a total value of £500. There is only one easy condition, which you can comply with without having to spend any money whatever, and about which you will hear all particulars on receipt of your solution. If a stamp be enclosed we will inform you should your solution be incorrect.

THE NEW FRENCH GEM CO. (Dept. No. 25), 131-132 BUNHILL ROW, LONDON, E.C.

DISINFECT SANITAS

FRAGRANT NON-POISONOUS

[illegible] THE SANITAS Co. LD. [illegible]

Hobart CYCLES

REVOLUTION IN THE CYCLE TRADE! "Hobarts" supplied Direct from Factory at Wholesale Prices. [illegible] ROADSTER" for £3-18-6 Cash. [illegible] Easy Payments from 6/- MONTHLY. New Lists Free Return Post. Write us TO-DAY!

HOBART BIRD, LTD. (Dept. [illegible]), Coventry.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Violin Outfits Complete 10/6, 15/-, 21/-, &c. Mandoline Outfits, 12/6, 17/6, 22/6. Banjo Outfits, 22/6, 35/-, 50/-. Music Stands (Portable) 2/-, 3/6, 4/6. *Lists post free. State requirements.*

HENRY RILEY, CONSTITUTION HILL, Birmingham.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER Ltd., BELFAST

IRISH DAMASK

[illegible] Dinner Napkins, [illegible] per doz. Table Cloths [illegible] by 3yd., 5/11. [illegible] 11½d. each. [illegible] Pillow Cases, 10/6 per doz. [illegible] 1/11 per yard.

(SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.)

[illegible]

TABLE AND HOUSE LINEN.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Enquiries for Samples should be Sent to 38, W. Donegall Place, Belfast.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 2s. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT; call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years).

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilcochia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc., and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

ASTROLOGY.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business.—Send birth date, 1/-, and stamped envelope to Hdme. Letella, Cleadon, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope.

CUTLERY.—55 pieces, 2/11. Lists Free.—The Leeds Bargain Co., 3 Raven Road, Leeds.

EASTER WEDDINGS. A CHARMING PRESENT. SEMI-PORCELAIN WHITE WARE.—A beautiful thin pottery, strong and durable. Send for illustrations. We supply direct from kiln to kitchen. Breakfast, dinner, tea, for six persons, also toilet set; 63 pieces in all. Packed Free. Sent safely for 16/-, cash with Order. Value like this has no equal in the Trade.—Royal Crown Pottery Co., Dept. 6, Tunstall, Staffs.

BOON TO WEAK MEN.—Nervous and Physical Weakness, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and Allied Troubles. Treatise, with full particulars, including hundreds of testimonials of complete cures, sent sealed, two stamps.—F. J. Murray, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

HAIR DESTROYED.—A lady who has been a life-long sufferer from superfluous hair has recently [illegible] will send particulars free, on enclosing stamp [illegible].—Address, Helen L. W. Temple, 9 [illegible] St., Oxford St., London, W.

POST-CARDS from photograph, 12 for 1/-.—[illegible] & Co., 129 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

LADIES, the Sylvestyre Compressed Tablets, the best remedy discovered. They never fail to give relief. [illegible] bitter apple, or similar [illegible] SUFFER NO LONGER. Sent in plain wrapper, post free, 1/3, extra strong 4/6.—Sylvestyre Co. [illegible] Exchange [illegible] Southwark Street, London, S.E.

RHEUMATISM.—Gentleman who has cured himself and many friends will send particulars FREE for stamped addressed envelope.—C. Chester, 34 Trevelyan Buildings, Manchester.

ADHESIVE PASTES, CEMENTS, LIQUID GLUES.—Valuable international recipes for every purpose. Practical and up-to-date. 1/- P.O. per recipe.—E. Pearson, 164 Bury Old Road, Prestwich, Lancs.

BABY CARS direct from factory on approval; carriage paid; we save you 5/- in the £; cash or easy payments from 4/- monthly. Wonderful value. Send for splendid new catalogue, post free.—Direct Public Supply Co. (Dept. 60), Coventry.

STRENGTH: How Lost; How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve-Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

PICTURE POST-CARDS.—Splendid selection. Samples and list, 2d.—Stevenson & Co., 49 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

MAKE MONEY selling Remnants, Prints, Scuffs, Muslins, etc., by weight; easily learnt; send for guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, Victoria Bridge, Salford, Manchester.

FREE.—Thirty assorted samples of the famous Rob Roy Pens, 2d., post free.—[illegible], Birmingham.

YOU can earn 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply U., 48 Aldersgate Street, London.

SCOTCH TWEED CO., Hawick. Dept. [illegible] Suitings and Costume Cloths, choice quality, patterns free.

CHOICE CHINA DISHES.—We have for years satisfactorily supplied readers of Pearson's Weekly at Wholesale Prices. [illegible] Famous Century [illegible] decorated services, Breakfast, Dinner, [illegible] packed complete, [illegible] Householder's Catalogue free, showing [illegible] China and Crockery. Compare our Catalogue, Testimonials, etc., with others. Bulged Teapots and Bazaar Packages for Churches.—Century Pottery Coy., Dept. E, Burslem, Staffs.

MY LIMERICK BOOK. Written by a genuine Limerick Competition Judge, post free, 2d. "Well spoken of by the Press."—Judge, 33 Spring Street, London, W.

A GOOD AGENCY.—Respectable men in regular employment, desirous of increasing their income, are invited to apply for particulars of a Spare Time Agency, by which they can supply Clothing, Drapery, Boots, and Shoes, Watches, Jewellery, Household Requisites, Musical Instruments, Bicycles, &c., for cash or credit; favourable terms to agent and customer.—John Myers & Co., Ltd., Box [illegible], 163 Westminster Bridge Road, London. Established nearly a century.

FREE TO STAMP COLLECTORS.—[illegible] specimens, send 1d. postage. [illegible]—Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample and valuable Booklet explaining all about BLANCHARD'S PILLS for LADIES, the most effective remedy ever compounded.—Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

SIXPENCE or more per week will purchase Cycles (all makers), also Ladies' Gent's Boots, Clothing, Feather Boas, Furs, Watches, [illegible], Jewellery, Musical Instruments, Cutlery, Linoleums, Furniture, &c. Special offer, [illegible] Tyred Cycles, [illegible]. Send no deposit. [illegible] free.—Potter's Warehouse, 41 Dereham Road, Norwich.

LADIES.—CAUTION.—APIOL AND STEEL PILLS never fail. The numerous testimonials received testify to their merits. Price, 1/3 [illegible] extra strong [illegible]. Sample two stamps.—[illegible] & Co., Chemists, [illegible] Parade, Holloway. Ladies' guide to health sent free.

[illegible] REAL SCOTCH [illegible], the original and best. From 1/- per yard. White or coloured. Soft, dainty, durable, unshrinkable, better than flannel. Patterns post free.—Sole Agents, Greensmith & Downes, Edinburgh.

THE LEE GORDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value to all ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently in a few hours. Coated with [illegible], prepared with drugs worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all similar preparations. [illegible] post free, in plain [illegible], 1/6 (treble strength) [illegible]. [illegible] Co., Dept. W, [illegible] Road, London.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND.—[illegible] year's study, [illegible] speed. Booklet free.—[illegible], Ramsgate.

ASTROLOGY.—Life Horoscope of Character, Marriage and Business, Changes, etc. accurately [illegible]. Send birth date, 1/- P.O., stamped envelope.—[illegible], Glasgow.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pills for Ladies, the [illegible] remedy ever discovered.—W. P. Powell Remedy Co., Ruslingham Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

ALMOST GIVEN AWAY.—Wrench's famous 1d. British View Post-cards, 100 different (8/4 value), post free, 1/6.—Pain, 110N, Presents House, Hastings.

BICYCLES £3 5s. 0d. CASH, or 10/- with order and 8/- per month. High-grade, homes, and splendidly finished (gold and green lined), two brakes, Flavorted or roller levers, ball free wheel, first grade tyres, plated rims. Complete with pump, bell, oil-can, repair outfit, fine plated lamp and bell. Packed in crate (free), carriage paid. Ten days' approval. Four years' guarantee. Write for photo, full specifications, and 40-page book of testimonials. [illegible] the actual manufacturer, George Beeston, "Lion" Works, 28 [illegible] Street, Birmingham. No agents. Direct from factory only.

COSTUME CLOTHS, 6¾d. yard. [illegible] Curtains, Dress and Blouse Materials, [illegible] yard. Any length cut. Carriage paid. [illegible] free.—Watson & Co., Manufacturers (Dept. [illegible]), Clarke Fisher Mills, Bradford. Agents wanted.

ASTROLOGY.—Events, Changes, Fortunate Days, Business, Successes, Matrimony; 5 years' guide. Send birth date, 1/- P.O.—Prof. Gould, [illegible], Whitchurch Road, Cardiff.

PEACH'S CURTAIN CATALOGUE.—Lace curtains, Swiss, Casement Muslins, Linens, Hosiery, Lace. Direct substantial advantages, [illegible] fabrics to select from. Catalogue free, post free.—S. Peach and Sons, The Looms, Nottingham.

LADIES' MILLINERY.—New Catalogue of Smart Hats post free. Half London prices.—Brown & Broadbent, Millinery Experts, Leeds.

All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON, W.C.

LIMERICKS.

New Contest and Result of Competition No. 42 appears on Page III. of Supplement.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

No. 924. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING APRIL 2, 1908. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

LOST! THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

£100 REWARD IF FOUND WITHIN ONE MONTH.

Simple—when you know.

The inventor of the amazing "Kaiser Puzzle," which is now on sale at all newsagents' and bookstalls, challenges the readers of PEARSON'S WEEKLY to supply the correct solution before Tuesday, April 28th. We are willing to back up his challenge with the offer of £100 under the conditions which you will find printed on the back of the puzzle.

A number of pieces of black paper have been cut into fantastic shapes and jumbled up together. Properly arranged, they will form a picture of the German Emperor. If you can arrange them in this manner you will get £100 in cash. If more than one person arranges them correctly, the money will be equally divided amongst them.

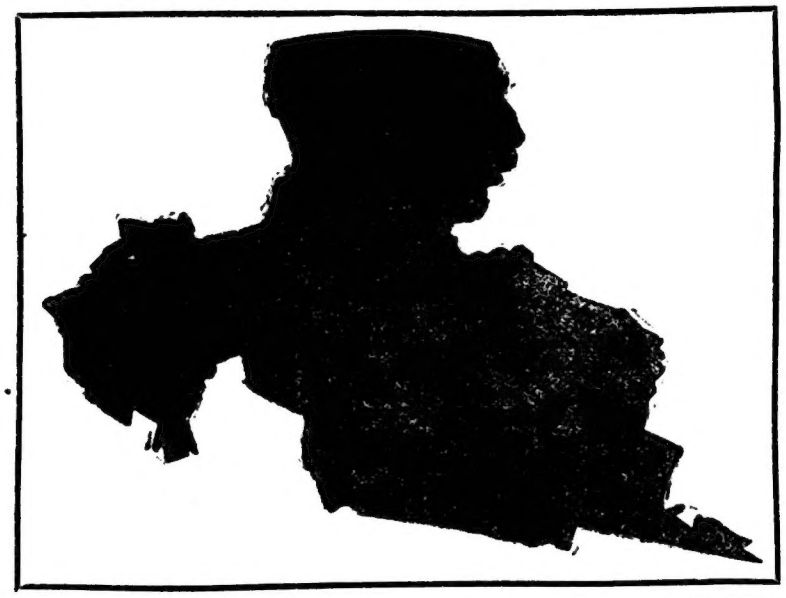
Difficult—until you find out.

No one but the inventor has yet succeeded in doing the puzzle correctly. In this way it differs from every other puzzle issued.

The task set is simple and fascinating, and the Editor can assure you that many of the results obtained in attempting it are so amusing that you will find a few hours spent on it well worth the penny paid for it.

Ask for the Kaiser Puzzle.

One Penny.



If you've tried other puzzles—and failed, try this one; you may succeed.

If you've tried other puzzles—and succeeded, try this one. It will test your skill.

MAKING WAR IMPOSSIBLE.

MR. NIKOLA TESLA, in addressing a select audience of scientists at the Waldorf-Astoria the other day, predicted that the wars of the future will be conducted by means of invisible electric heat rays, projected through space, and which will lick up and destroy an entire army in the course of a few moments.

This is precisely what Mr. H. G. Wells made the Martians do in his "War of the Worlds." It was then regarded as merely the nightmare of a sensational novelist. Yet to-day, only ten years afterwards, we find one of the world's leading scientists gravely announcing its possibility, and even its feasibility, given certain conditions.

There is one consolation, though. The use of heat rays after this fashion would be bound to result eventually in the total abolition of all war, since no soldiers, however brave, could be got to face the certainty of death by burning.

And this eventuality may be nearer than we imagine. Japan is even now experimenting with an apparatus which will enable her to destroy a hostile fleet approaching anywhere near her shores, by the simple process of blowing up the magazines of the ships composing it by means of electric ether waves, similar to those used in wireless telegraphy, but naturally much stronger.

When ironclads can thus be made to commit involuntary suicide, sailors will decline to serve in them on any terms whatever, just as soldiers will stop enlisting into armies that can be shrivelled into nothingness by the mere pressure of a button controlled by an operator situated, perhaps, fifty miles distant from the scene of action.

DOING HIS BEST.

DURING a rehearsal at a country theatre some years since, the stage-manager, in looking over what would be required for the play, discovered that he would want six cigars each night, for a part played by himself, which fact he communicated to the property man.

"What!" cried the economical property man—"six a night! Why, that will be three shillings a week!"

"You don't mean to say you are going to give me penny ones?"

"Well," stammered the property man, "upon my word, sir, I can't get them any cheaper."

MISTRESS (midnight): "I don't intend to come downstairs to let you in at this time of night again."

New Girl (reassuringly): "You won't have to, mum. One of my friends took an impression of your lock, and he's making a nice key for me."

AN AUTHORITY.

MRS. NEWRICH: "I never can remember how many cards to leave when calling."

Old Gentleman: "The rules are very simple, madam. You hand one to the servant, and then, on departing, leave as many on the plate as there are adult members of the family, adding two of your husband's cards, and occasionally dumping in a few more for good measure. Do not be niggardly in dealing out cards, as that suggests vulgar poverty."

"I am very much obliged. Are you a professor of etiquette?"

"No, madam. I am Mr. Bristol, the card manufacturer."

FEN GIRLS MUSTN'T BE BESSIES.

DURING the hearing of a breach of promise case in London the other day, it transpired that the defendant, an East Anglian fisherman, had once called the plaintiff, in a fit of temper, a "knatter moozles."

Nobody seemed to have any idea what this meant, the young lady least of all. But this was because she was not a Lincolnshire lass. Had she been, she would have known that her ex-lover had dubbed her a peevish slattern.

Many scores of strange, uncouth phrases such as this linger amongst the Fen folk; verbal relics, mostly, of the days of the Danes. And, curiously enough, they nearly all have to do with courtship and marriage in relation to the softer sex.

Thus, a girl who is bad-tempered is said to be "frampled," and local swains will have none of her. Nor does the East Anglian peasant lad care for a sweetheart who likes to "kevass," that is, romp about with other young fellows.

Neither does he, as a rule, choose for a wife a "thusky" lass, meaning a big, heavy, slouchy type of woman; he prefers one who is "wee and wacken," meaning little and lively.

He likes his girl to "dallach" (dress smartly), but she must not be "guizened" (over-dressed), although even that is better than being a "flawps," *i.e.*, a sloven.

A "bessy" may have many lovers, for this is East Anglian for a wayward flirt, but she is unlikely to hook a husband. The man who means matrimony inclines rather to a "nuzzler," meaning a shy girl who "nuzzles" (hides) her face in her bosom to avoid being recognised when a stranger passes by.

Burglars on the Football Field.

How Footballers are Robbed.

At this season of the year football enthusiasts very frequently read that some famous back "robbed" a redoubtable forward of the ball, "and relieved the pressure." This species of robbery only excites the admiration of the footballer; but, unfortunately, it is not the only robbery that is perpetrated in the football field, and, unhappily, the other instances are not so innocent. This was clearly indicated last season, when a constable arrested four young men who were in the act of making good their escape with five footballs in a sack, after a successful raid on the pavilion of the Leytonstone R.F.C. These men were evidently novices.

Early in 1906, too, when the Burnley Football Club was ransacked by burglars, it was apparent, from the fact that a man was found lying insensible on the floor with three empty whisky bottles beside him, that the visitor had never signed a professional Burglars' League form. But when, in the same season, the Chartered Company's Football Club pavilion, at Beckenham Hill, was ransacked while a game was in progress, and watches and money to the value of £30 looted, no doubt was entertained as to the professional status of the entrants.

LOOTING AT LEEDS.

No great reserve of nerve force is necessary to enter a deserted football pavilion at dead of night and carry away wearing apparel and sample any liquid refreshment at hand. This was done at Park Royal and at Leeds City's grand stand, a tea urn, silver spoons, sugar, tea, milk, and other condiments being stolen. But when the burglar has the audacity to raid a pavilion when the players are in the field his nervous temperament must be a negligible quantity.

One of the most forward instances of unblushing audacity in this line was witnessed in the course of a match between the Royal Military College and Blackheath "A" at Sandhurst early last season.

On this occasion the thief, a plausible, well-dressed individual, arrived at the dressing-room shortly after play had begun, and, representing himself as being associated with the visiting team, requested the attendant to fetch some warm water with which to wash his hands. In the absence of the attendant, he stole about £3, a signet ring, a gold watch and chain, a silver watch, and a mackintosh.

It occasionally happens, as, for instance, when the West Bromwich Albion offices at the Hawthorns were broken into early in September, 1905, and the Aston Villa offices suffered a like visitor last season, that the uninvited visitors have their work for practically nothing. On the first-mentioned occasion the strong locks on the door leading to the room where the safe was kept frustrated the invaders, whose spoils were represented by a dozen jerseys.

ALL THE MONEY MISSING.

When the cricket club pavilion at the Saffrons, Eastbourne, was broken into a few years ago, the burglars were content to help themselves to cakes and cheese, spirits, cigars, and cigarettes. When the 3rd Lanark Club, Glasgow, was raided in 1900, in addition to spirituous liquors, for which the committee was thanked in a note left behind, the uninvited guests made off with several footballs. The raid on the Manchester City offices last season resulted in a number of cigars being stolen, together with a melodeon belonging to Farrell, who had but recently made his *début* in the team.

After the players returned to the pavilion during the international trial Rugby match at the Balmoral ground at Belfast, rather over a year ago, they found that, in the course of the match, someone had stolen all the gold and silver watches, chains, and cigarette-cases he could lay hands upon and had not left the footballers a penny between them.

Sympathy must be extended, also, to a certain member of the Y.M.C.A. Football Club, at Edgbaston, who discovered that, under cover of fog, a burglar had made away, not only with such portable property as watches, chains, and coins, but had carried off his trousers, in the pockets of which was silver to the value of 15s.

Judging from the fact that the residences of both Mr. Gilbert Vassall, the old Oxonian and Corinthian, and Ashcroft, of Woolwich Arsenal fame, were broken into while their owners were away playing football, it would appear as though burglars were no respecters of sportsmen. In this opinion, Mr. Marsburg, the famous Springbok back, would probably agree, seeing that, during the game against Cambridge University, he lost £5 in coin, a gold chain, and a gold medal.

THE WORLD'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER.

The announcement of the recent celebration at Pekin of the one-thousandth anniversary of the King-Pao, "the world's oldest newspaper," is not to be taken too seriously.

That the small sheet so named is of great antiquity is beyond dispute, although whether its first publication dates back to March, 908, as has just been alleged, is, to say the least, extremely doubtful.

Professor Legge, who published the famous "Chinese Classics," could find no traces of any newspapers whatever in the Celestial Kingdom prior to 1360, when the seat of Government was first transferred to Pekin. And, anyhow, it is certain that, if the King-Pao existed then, its publication has several times since been suspended, frequently for many years on end.

On the other hand, it is known to have been in existence in 1575, when Jesuit missionaries from Rome first arrived in the country, and this fact alone would entitle it to justify its claim to be the oldest newspaper now alive, seeing that the Gazette de France, which ranks next in point of seniority, did not make its first appearance until April, 1631.

Until lately, the English Mercuries, of which some copies dated 1588 are in existence, was assumed to be the oldest English newspaper. But recent researches have conclusively proved these isolated sheets to be clever forgeries, executed about 1766.

The first real newspaper published in England was the Public Intelligencer, which commenced issuing in 1663, and continued to be published regularly for nearly three years. The London Weekly Courant, however, appeared spasmodically for a short period so early as 1622.

The world's earliest newspaper was in all probability the Roman Acta Diurna, which is now known to have been in existence at least as long ago as 691 B.C.

Mrs. Ruggs: "Why do you dislike Dr. Curem?"

Mrs. Muggs: "He cured my husband's rheumatism, so he can never tell when it is going to rain, and last week I spoiled a brand-new hat."

"I don't think it's very good advice to give a boy to count twenty before he gets angry and hits another boy for hitting him," said Archie. "I tried it to-day at school when Willie Anderson hit me, and before I got to three he'd hit me again. Then I began all over again, and just as I got to six he gave me another under the ear."

"You should count by tens, my boy," said Archie's father.

Gentleman (in railway train): "How did this accident happen?"

Guard: "Someone pulled the cord and stopped the train, and the boat express ran into us. It will take five hours to clear the line for us to go ahead."

Gentleman: "Five hours? Great Scott! I was to be married to-day."

Guard (a married man, sternly): "Look here, are you the chap who stopped the train?"

WHERE BRITISH CHILDREN ARE BOUGHT AND SOLD.

When the evidence, taken by the select committee on the Infant Life Protection Act, comes to be printed in full, it is probable that some startling facts will be made public regarding the traffic in small, white slaves, which still flourishes in different parts of England.

That children between the ages of three and ten years are regularly bought and sold by gipsies and others, has long been known to the various philanthropic societies engaged in looking after the interests of juveniles; but in the present state of the law they can do nothing unless active cruelty can be proved, and this is not often the case.

The usual prices paid vary between half-a-crown and half-a-sovereign, although Miss Frances Zanetti, an inspector for the Chorlton district of Manchester, cited before the commission the other day a case where a mother sold her child for as little as sixpence.

Besides gipsies, bargemen and smackmen are the largest purchasers of male children. In a case which came before the Northwich Rural Council a short while back, it was proved that a lad had been regularly sold in this way, and a proper receipt given, the price paid being half-a-crown, and the local inspector stated that the practice was a well-recognised one.

Where children are sold to gipsies they can rarely, if ever, be traced again, for these nomads have a fashion of "swapping kids," as they call it, which is calculated to completely baffle the most painstaking inquirer. These exchanges take place at races and fairs all over the country, but especially on Epsom Downs during Derby week, where a regular, although informal, children's slave market has long been established.

The youngsters are trained as acrobats, tumblers, and to assist at the cocoanut shies, roundabouts, and in looking after the horses and the caravans generally. They are made to work hard, but are usually not unkindly treated otherwise.

A Duke of Norfolk once, inspired by a generous fit, announced his intention of entertaining to dinner all the Howards in existence who were related to him—the Duke, of course, being the head of the Howard family. He set agents to work to seek out his relations; but had to abandon his proposed "little party," when he was assured that something like 20,000 people would have a right to come to it.

You May be Very Important Without Knowing It.

In the same way, an astonishing number of people might be able to claim kinship, not with mere dukes, but with royalty, if they only knew all about themselves. The heirs of monarchs who have died on their thrones are comparatively easy to trace, and are, roughly speaking, fairly well known.

In this way, for instance, it was no secret that the late Sir William Harcourt was descended from the Plantaganet kings, and several gentlemen who bear no other legal designation than plain "Mr." are known to have royal blood in their veins.

This does not apply to kings who have lost their thrones. King Harold, the last Saxon sovereign of England, was the son of Earl Godwin. When he was slain at the battle of Hastings he undoubtedly left children behind him. Some of them fled abroad to escape from William the Conqueror, but others remained in the country, where they sank into poverty and obscurity; but they married and had children. There is at least a chance, therefore, that everyone named Godwin of Goodwin is related to a royal family.

A KING IN PRISON FOR DEBT.

King Richard III., whom we all know so well as the wicked Duke of Gloucester, is popularly believed to have been childless when he fell at Bosworth; but some historians hold that there is plausible evidence that he left a son. This son, to escape the death or captivity to which he would have been doomed by the victorious Henry VII. had he been captured, is said to have taken a common name and retired into Somersetshire, where he died as a petty farmer.

The whole story may be a myth; but there is nothing impossible about it, and the descendants of King Richard's nameless son may be numbered amongst ordinary working folk.

All the Clarkes have a right, if they like, to think that they may be connected with royalty—albeit, royalty of a somewhat dubious sort. When Dr. Samuel Johnson was doing so much to make Fleet Street famous, there was alive in Europe an adventurer who called himself the Baron Theodore Stephen de Neuhoff. He found his way to Corsica, and assisted the Corsicans to get free from the Republic of Genoa, which was ruling the island in a tyrannical manner. In return, they proclaimed him King under the title of Theodore I.

His royalty was brief, however. He had frequent quarrels with the Corsicans, and finally quitted the island. Ultimately he drifted to London, where he kept up a sort of shabby-genteel regal style. But at last he was arrested for debt, and remained in prison for sixteen years. When released he was broken-down and old, and died in the house of a poor tailor.

IRELAND'S MANY MONARCHS.

The King of Corsica had a granddaughter, who married an official in the Custom House, named Clarke. The family became very poor, and all genuine traces of them have been lost. But it is open to any Clarke who pleases to imagine that he is a descendant of the dashing, unlucky Theodore.

A lot of people have claims to belong to a much more distinguished family. Kindly folk still in the land of the living have employed a meek old charwoman, who called herself Miss Paley, and was glad to earn a shilling in odd ways. Nothing concerning her ancestry could be definitely proved; but there was reason for believing that she was a descendant of Constantine Palæologus, the last Greek Emperor of Constantinople.

Constantine was killed when the Turks captured his capital in 1453, and his family and relations had to flee for their lives. Some of them came to England, and there are living thousands of his descendants.

There is a general impression that the old royal family of Stuart is extinct. This, however, is a mistake. Stuarts and Stewarts scattered all over Britain can claim kinship with the old royal family.

In ancient days there used to be about a dozen kings reigning in Ireland at once—the King of Derry, of Munster, of Connaught, and so on. They are all gone now, but so many of their descendants are alive that practically every Irishman has a right to fancy himself related to royalty if he wants to

The first step towards getting on is to learn to spell properly.—

"BLURRED LIGHTS."—NO. XVIII.

The Norfolk Tragedy.

By DICK DONOVAN.

A HUNDRED miles from London and ten from the ancient town of Norwich is the picturesque little market town of Wymondham, pronounced locally "Wyndham." It rose to considerable importance in the time of Henry I., owing to William D'Albini founding a priory of black monks there, which in 1448 was elevated to the rank of an abbey.

Within an easy half-hour's walk of this most interesting little town is the ancient manor of Stanfield, which dates back to the Conqueror. And Stanfield Hall was, between fifty and sixty years ago, the scene of a series of events, culminating in a ghastly tragedy, the details of which make up a story more thrilling than any novel.

The hall, an old Tudor mansion, as will be seen by the illustration, was a picturesque and romantically situated pile, surrounded by a moat, and standing in the midst of beautiful woodland scenery. Stanfield will ever be associated with the name of James Blomfield Rush, whose terrible crimes have given the district an unenviable notoriety.

EVIL SEED BEARS EVIL FRUIT.

This remarkable man was born at, or close to, Wymondham. He was the illegitimate son of a rich gentleman farmer, his mother being an exceedingly pretty young country woman, a Miss Mary Blomfield, who brought an action for breach of promise against the farmer and was awarded heavy damages.

She seems to have been most respectably connected, and was noted as being a charming singer and good musician.

Two years after the birth of her son, she married a Mr. Rush, a well-known farmer of Felmingham, and a man of unblemished reputation. He rented a large farm under the Rev. George Preston, which he worked so successfully that he was considered wealthy. He conceived a great liking for the boy James, who took the name of Rush, exercising a watchful care over him, educating him in a very superior manner, and bringing him up with every regard for his moral welfare; but neither education nor moral training could eradicate from the lad's nature the seeds of criminality, which were to fructify and bear evil fruit and bring him at last to the scaffold.

But before that final scene and the dark tragedy that immediately preceded it, there are many interesting particulars to be told.

On reaching manhood, James Blomfield Rush was started as a farmer by his step-father at Aylsham. In 1828, he married a Miss Soames, and removed to Dalling Farm, which he rented from a Mr. E. L. Bulwer.

In the year 1830 threshing machines were introduced into Norfolk, and not for the first nor last time in the history of inventions designed for turning out work quicker and cheaper than it can be done by manual labour their appearance led to rioting and bloodshed.

The agricultural labourers resented their introduction, for, as a natural consequence, numbers of labourers were thrown out of employment, and there was much suffering. The result was, the discontent culminated in a riot.

RUSH IN A RIOT.

A large number of unemployed assembled in November of the same year at Foulsham, where many machines were being used, and they set to work to destroy these machines with savage lawlessness.

Dalling Farm, then occupied by Rush, was situated in that parish, but he seems to have been opposed to the new invention, and to have sided with the labourers. One of his own men had been arrested in connection with the riots, when Rush, aided by several of his farm hands, rescued the man out of lawful custody. For that act a warrant was issued against him, and he was tried for the offence. A lenient view, however, was taken of the matter, and no verdict was returned, on his undertaking to enter into his own recognisances to be of good behaviour.

Curiously enough, a short time after that a large stack of wheat was fired on Rush's farm, and a charge was preferred against him of having set fire to it himself with a view to obtaining the insurance money. There seems to have been a good deal of mystery about the fire, and probably it was the work of an incendiary, but the charge against Rush could not be sustained.

The Norwich Union Fire Office, in which he had insured, investigated the matter, and, being satisfied that he was guiltless, they paid the money. The incident, however, embittered Rush, and soon afterwards he gave up possession of the farm and went into business as an auctioneer and valuer.

He seems to have done well; but, as he preferred the life of a farmer, he ultimately went back to farming, and we find him a tenant of Stanfield Hall Farm, under the Rev. George Preston.

This gentleman conceived a liking for Rush, and showed him a great deal of consideration and kindness. He allowed him to rent the farm under a very easy lease and accorded him many privileges. As this fact led up to the series of events which ended in the tragedy, it is necessary, in order to make the matter clear, to give some particulars of the Stanfield Hall property.

The Manor had formerly belonged to the distinguished Norman family of Bigots, many of whom sleep in the vaults of Wymondham Church. Afterwards it passed through numerous hands, and at length came into possession, by purchase, of Sir Thomas Richardson in 1642.

MARCHING ON STANFIELD HALL.

He rose to be Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Baron of Cramond in Scotland.

In 1735 a Mr. William Jermy, of Bayfield, in the county of Norwich, married the Hon. Miss E. Richardson, the only surviving daughter of the late Lord Cromond, and grand-daughter of Sir Thomas Richardson, and through the marriage Mr. Jermy became possessor of Stanfield and the estates.

On the death of his wife, he married a second time, his second wife being Frances, daughter of Jacob Preston, Esq., of Beeston St. Lawrence, and having no issue the Prestons of Beeston inherited. Through these it passed through the brother of the Rev. George Preston by will, in 1796, to Mr. Jermy, who inherited it on the death of his father, the Rev George.

This Mr. Jermy was born on September 23rd, 1789.

The scene of the tragedy.

He was educated at Westminster School. Thence he proceeded to Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated. He entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the Bar on May 20th, 1814, and selected the Norfolk circuit.

In 1823 this gentleman, who was then a Mr. Preston, married Miss Mary Ann Beevor, daughter of the late Sir Thomas Beevor, of Hethel and Hargham Hall, in the county of Norfolk. The lady died two years after the marriage, leaving two children, Isaac Jermy Jermy (one of Rush's victims), and a daughter, who subsequently married the Rev. Mr. Jephson. In 1826 Mr. Preston was appointed steward of Norwich, and in 1831 he succeeded to the Recordership.

On the death of his father, the Rev. George Preston, in 1837, Mr. Preston took the name of Jermy. Besides being Recorder of Norwich, he was a magistrate of the county of Norfolk and one of the chairmen of county sessions. As soon as he obtained possession of his estates, he took up his residence at Stanfield Hall with his family, and set to work to improve his property. His ownership, however, was seriously questioned, as a Mr. Thomas Jermy and a person named Larner claimed to be the rightful heirs, and Larner made a bold attempt to take forcible possession of the hall in the absence of the Recorder.

THE MILITARY CALLED OUT.

Accompanied by a London attorney named Wingfield, this man engaged the services of about eighty labourers from a neighbouring village, and, marching at the head of his little army, he effected an entrance into the building and ejected the housekeeper, who was Rush's sister-in-law, and all the servants. They then cleared the hall of the furniture, which they piled up on the lawn, and did what they could to defend their position.

As soon as the incident was known in Norwich, a number of people, armed with legal authority, were sent against them; but the possessors defied the civil powers, and at last a military force had to be employed. Eighty-two persons were apprehended. Fourteen of them were committed for trial at the assizes, the remainder were liberated on their own recognisances, and the Recorder was confirmed in his possessions.

This gentleman, who, of course, became Rush's landlord, seems to have been a very keen business man, with a strong love for money. Although Rush was acting as his bailiff, the two men from the very first became antagonistic to each other. Their mutual dislike, however, was not openly expressed at that time, but the cause of it was as clear as daylight.

The Recorder, whose father, the Rev. George Preston, had shown so much kindness to Rush, was of opinion that his father had been greatly lacking in business aptitude and far too lenient with his tenants; but he himself resolved to change all that, to inaugurate a new *régime*, and to show no leniency in the exercise of his right as a landlord.

A COVETED ESTATE.

In carrying out his new policy, the Recorder declared that the leases under which James Rush held the Stanfield Hall Farm Estate were invalid by reason of their containing no clause to the effect that the landlord could re-enter into possession if the rentals remained unpaid beyond a specified time.

In seeking for the causes which led to the grim tragedy and its far-reaching effects, it is necessary to trace events step by step, when it will be found that the story gains in interest, until it becomes a veritable human document.

Within that area, of which Stanfield Hall was the centre, were many conflicting interests, and it is impossible to deny that the new owner endeavoured to enforce his rights with some display of harshness. It led to much bad feeling between him and Rush; probably at that time it was more on the tenant's side, for Rush was a man of strong passions and of a brooding, revengeful disposition.

It was generally admitted that he was shrewd, with a considerable amount of business aptitude; nevertheless, his worldly affairs did not prosper. He had a large family, his expenses were heavy, and he was extravagant. These things in combination tended to keep him down, when he desired to be up.

As time went on there was a new development, which produced still more strained relations between the parties concerned, and it shows Rush to us in a new character, in which he gets the better of his landlord and scores a temporary triumph.

In order to make the position perfectly clear, it must be premised that Mr. Jermy, apart from being the owner of the Stanfield Hall estate, owned the Hethel estate, which came to him through his marriage with Miss Mary Ann Beevor, of Hethal and Hargham.

Now, between these two estates was interposed another known as the Potash Farm estate, which belonged to a different owner. The Recorder was most anxious to secure that, so as to consolidate the whole of his property in a ring fence, as it is termed.

RUSH OUTWITS HIS LANDLORD.

An opportunity arose to do this, owing to the Potash Farm coming into the market. He discussed the matter with Rush, who was still acting as his bailiff, and ultimately instructed him to attend the auction sale, and bid for the property, giving him an extreme limit, beyond which he was not to go. Rush now saw his chance, and he did not scruple to avail himself of his opportunity. He went to the sale, and, bidding for the property on behalf of the Recorder, he ran it up to the limit. Then, in his own name, he bid a hundred or two more, and it was knocked down to him. It was a cunning move, and, had he been in a position to have paid for his purchase, he would have been a formidable rival to Mr. Jermy. But he hadn't the money, and, instead of becoming independent, he ultimately found himself the Recorder's bondman.

It came about in this way: James Rush explained the circumstances under which he had purchased the estate, and he asked Mr. Jermy to lend him £5,000 on mortgage, with a clear understanding that the principal could not be called up within a less period than ten years. But, at the same time, it was to be

The farm that divided the two estates.

no less clear that, should the interest at any time fall into arrears, the mortgagee should have power to distrain. On these conditions Mr. Jermy advanced the money, possibly with a shrewd guess that the property would ultimately fall into his hands. And so James Blomfield Rush became the nominal owner

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of that middle wedge between the two estates, but with a millstone hung round his neck.

Without going into all the details of the succeeding years, they may be briefly summarised. Things did not prosper with Rush. His habits were not conducive to successful farming, where everything depended upon personal experience and personal energy. He spent a great deal of his time in London, putting up at the Angel Tavern, in Islington, and frequenting places of public entertainment; leading, in fact, what is generally described as "a fast life."

He had formed an intimacy with a young lady, a Miss Emily Standford, who had been a governess to his children, and was then living in Pentonville. He acquired great influence over her, and she fell completely under his sway.

A MYSTERIOUS DEATH.

We now come down to the year 1842, when Mrs. Rush died, with startling suddenness, at Potash Farm, leaving him with nine children. Rush was there at the time, and had a friend staying with him. Rush and his wife retired to bed about eleven o'clock, when Mrs. Rush appeared to be in perfect health and excellent spirits. In the dead of night Rush ran to the room of his guest, and, in an excited manner, announced that Mrs. Rush had suddenly expired in a fit. The inquest did not reveal any suspicious circumstance; but, in the light of subsequent events, there appeared some justification for the widespread belief that Rush had, in some mysterious manner, brought about his wife's death.

Soon after this event, he brought Emily Standford to Norfolk, and installed her in Potash Farm, partitioning a section of the house off, so as to keep her apart from his children.

We now come to another remarkable, mysterious, and tragic affair.

Autographic Portrait of Rush.

Mr. James Rush, who had been so good to his step-son, was found dead in his step-son's house. It was the old gentleman's habit, after his dinner, to indulge in "forty winks," sitting in a chair before the fire. In that position he was found one evening stone dead, with a bullet wound in his temple. On the table beside him was his own gun, and it had been recently discharged, while the bullet found in the old man's brain fitted the gun. Was it a case of suicide or murder?

Evidence was not forthcoming to prove murder, and so it was put down to suicide; but Mr. Rush, senior, was a man with a well-ordered mind. He had no financial worries, and was, as a good many people said, "The last one in the world to commit suicide." And there was one very suspicious circumstance which was never explained. *The gun was found lying on the table.* How could the unfortunate man have fired a bullet into his own brain, and, after the act, have placed the gun on the table? It seemed physically impossible that he could have done it.

The tragedy occurred in 1844. I have not been enabled to discover whether or not Rush benefited pecuniarily by his father's will. Possibly, he did indirectly, for his mother was still living, and it is pretty clear she assisted her son, who was sinking deeper and deeper in the mire and had become the close associate of Thomas Jermy and Larner, who, as it will be remembered, laid claim to the Stanfield Hall property.

His relations with the Recorder were getting more and more strained; for he was falling in arrears with the interest under the mortgage, and the ten years, for which period the money had been lent, were fast running out, and he began to worry Mr. Jermy now to extend the period for another three years, but the mortgagee resolutely declined to do that. Moreover, he was becoming anxious about his money, as the arrears were accumulating.

About Michaelmas of 1847, Mr. Jermy was staying at Yarmouth, and, for some reason or other, he felt it was desirable to take steps to enforce payment of the money due to him, and to that end he instructed his agent to distrain, though he had no desire to be vindictive or harsh, and he seems to have given the agent considerable discretionary power.

JUDGMENT AGAINST RUSH.

The man went to the farm armed with a warrant, and, finding signs of prosperity in the shape of a number of fine fat cattle, sheep, pigs, agricultural implements, and so on, he reported to his employer accordingly, and he was ordered not to put his warrant into execution. But a little later it came to his knowledge that all the cattle and other things were the property of the mother of Rush, who, it was alleged, had paid the sum of £600 for them. This made Jermy angry, and he immediately put the distraint warrant into force, and commenced an action against Rush, which was tried at Norwich.

It went against the defendant, who was ordered to pay £477 10s. 10d., with costs. This was a terrible blow to Rush; it embittered him greatly, and he thereupon began to plot with Thomas Jermy and Larner to dispossess the Recorder. He went up to London to meet these two men, and took Emily Standford with him, in order to utilise her as a witness to certain deeds.

Several meetings were held in London, and the two claimants brought another person on the scene, a man named Reid, who was to act as witness. A document was prepared, whereby the claimants covenanted with Rush, his heirs, and executors that, should they succeed in getting the property, they were to let to Rush for a period of twenty-one years at the nominal rent of £230 per annum, minus landlord's taxes, and the cost of necessary repairs, two farms situated in Felmington, Skeyton, and North Walsham respectively. These farms were included in the Stanfield Hall estate.

In return Rush undertook to put Thomas Jermy into possession. The development of the drama was now rapid, and Rush displayed extraordinary cunning, though his very cunning led to his undoing.

He returned from London with Emily, and shortly afterwards he went one night to Stanfield Hall, and had an interview with Mr. Recorder Jermy, though it is not very clear what took place at that meeting; but subsequently he showed Emily a paper, which he explained was an agreement entered into between him and Recorder Jermy, whereby the Recorder contracted to allow him to rent the two farms mentioned for twelve years at a rental of £300 per annum. It bore Mr. Jermy's name, that of a witness, and his own, and, although it was illegal, as she had not witnessed the signatures, he persuaded her to sign it as the necessary second witness. As she knew nothing about such matters, she did sign, and, needless to say, the deed and signatures were a forgery, for no such contract had been made by Mr. Jermy.

In the early part of November, 1848, his movements became very mysterious. It wanted but a very short time to the expiry of the ten years' mortgage, and, though he had tried again to get an extension, the Recorder would not listen to the proposal. The result was, Rush found himself in desperate straits. Night after night he went out with his gun, and stayed out very late. He had told Emily that he went out to look for poachers; but her suspicions were aroused, she became uneasy, and questioned him closely as to what was in his mind; at last he answered sharply, "I shall like you all the better if you don't question me."

Then he made a very curious remark, which was subsequently brought up in evidence against him.

"I have been reading a book," he said, "in which there is a story of Robert Bruce, who watched a spider suspended by a single thread from the ceiling make six ineffectual attempts to swing itself on to a wall to get at a fly. On the seventh attempt the insect was successful. Perhaps I shall succeed in what I've got in hand if I make seven attempts."

This was cryptic to Emily, for he would enter into no explanation; but the poor woman treasured it up, and repeated it when she was compelled to stand in the witness-box and state all that she knew.

On Monday night, November 23rd, he was known to have been hanging round Stanfield Hall. To reach it from his place, he had to go through a large yard, then along a very narrow lane or gully, called in Norfolk a *loke*, afterwards by the side of some fields. He had littered the yard with straw and also the loke, and, on the 28th of the month, he caused his men to extend the littering right up to some green sward. After the sward came gravel.

Now, the object of all this littering was obvious. The ground everywhere was very soft with rain, and he wished to avoid leaving footprints that might betray him.

(To be concluded next week.)

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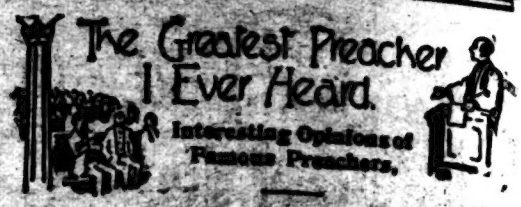


[Who should be a better judge of the merits of a pulpit orator than a great preacher himself? Here are the opinions of some world-famous clergymen as to the greatest preachers they ever heard.]

The Very Rev. JAMES MACGREGOR, D.D. H.R.S.A., F.R.S.E.

(*Chaplain in Ordinary to the King in Scotland since 1901, senior minister of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, since 1873, and one of the most famous of Scottish divines*).

THE greatest preacher I have known was undoubtedly the late Principal Caird, and next to him Dr. Norman Macleod. It is only fair to say that, as far as I remember, I heard each of them only once, and that the sermon of Norman Macleod impressed me most.

James MacGregor

The Rev. Canon HENSLEY HENSON

(*One of the most eminent of Anglican clergymen and a brilliant preacher*).

THE preacher who more than any other impressed me, and whom my deliberate and maturing judgment most decisively approves, was the late Dean Church, of St. Paul's Cathedral.

H Hensley Henson

The Rev. ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D.

(*Another great Scottish preacher, senior minister of St. George's Free Church, Edinburgh, where he succeeded Dr. Candlish*).

CANDLISH, Spurgeon, Parker, each in his own unique way.

Alexander Whyte

The Rev. DINSDALE T. YOUNG

(*Minister of Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, and a famous preacher and lecturer, as such travelling on an average 10,000 miles a year*).

C. H. SPURGEON is the greatest preacher I have ever known. For evangelical weight, expository force, homiletical skill, and varied eloquence, to me he stands supreme.

Dinsdale T. Young

The Rev. WILSON CARLILE

(*The controlling genius of the Church Army*).

MOODY, not so much on account of his eloquence, though it was great, as because of the wonderful individual influence he was able to exercise. It was no uncommon thing for him, after addressing a meeting of thousands, to leave the platform and devote himself to one particular person whose appearance or demeanour had attracted him. In this way he persuaded many to give up careless living who afterwards entered the Church, and that is why, although a Nonconformist, we have his portrait hanging in the committee room of the Church Army.

W Carlile

Sir JOHN KIRK (of the Ragged School Union)

(*Who, although he never pretends to great oratorical effect, is one of the most convincing and effective of lay preachers, first making his name as such in connection with the Open Air Mission*).

"THE greatest preacher" is a tempting theme, for I have "sat under" most of the pulpit stars of the first magnitude for the past thirty years. It is not the one who has most impressed and influenced me whom I am asked to name. Were it so, I must record, and with affectionate reverence, the honoured name of the late Vicar of Christ Church, Brixton, Dr. McConnell Hussey. No—for the greatest preacher within my ken—for simplicity of style, for purity of English, for pertinence of illustration, evident sincerity, and impressiveness of the saving truths enforced, I must award the palm to that prince of preachers, Charles Haddon Spurgeon.

John Kirk

Many men are afraid of expressing their opinions, for fear of mis-pronouncing some of the words.—

TOO HUGE COOK.

Another Incident in Mr. Chorley's Career Related by

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

"WE don't seem to have picked up much of a bargain with our cook," said Chorley, turning his fish over critically as it lay on his plate. "The soup was done too much, and the fish is half-raw."

The cook referred to was a new acquisition of the Chorleys. Mrs. Chorley had long considered that they were rich enough to justify the engagement of a specialist in cookery, and finally Chorley had agreed to add the luxury to his household, much to the sorrow of Mary Ann, who not only had hoped, by practising on her master and mistress, to become a qualified cook herself, but who also resented the fact that she now held the second place in the kitchen.

"I certainly don't think this is worth paying twenty-five pounds a year for," agreed Mrs. Chorley. "I could have done better myself."

"Go downstairs," said Chorley, addressing Mary Ann, who now waited at table, "and tell cook Mrs. Chorley wants to see her."

Mary Ann departed on her errand. A few moments later she came back with a very red face.

"Please sir," she said, "cook told me to say she's 'avin' 'er dinner and never attends to business at meal-times."

Mrs. Chorley started up from her chair and ran to the head of the kitchen stairs. "Cook!" she cried, "come to the dining-room at once!"

The cook made no reply, but Mrs. Chorley heard her get up and shut the kitchen door with quite unnecessary vigour. The noise of this brought Mr. Chorley in a hurry from the dining room.

"You must go down and give her a month's notice on the spot," he said to his wife.

"Y-yes, Henry," replied Mrs. Chorley. "I—I suppose I must. But she seems a dreadfully violent creature."

"Good gracious," said Chorley, "you don't mean to say you're afraid of your own cook. I never heard of such a thing. It's hardly my place to go, of course, or else I——"

"I wish you would go, Henry," pleaded Mrs. Chorley.

"Eh? Oh, yes—certainly," agreed Chorley as he ran down a couple of stairs. Then he turned back and said:

"Let's both go together. It's the mistress's place to give notice. I'll—er—I'll stand behind you and back you up."

Chorley very politely made room for his wife to pass him on the stairs as she took two or three steps down and listened for the sounds of any movement made by the enemy. Then a brilliant idea occurred to Mrs. Chorley, and she said in a stage whisper:

"Let's leave it till to-morrow morning. It will be so much better, because——"

Mrs. Chorley's proposal was interrupted in a rather unexpected manner. Mary Ann, who wouldn't have missed any of the fun for worlds, had crept to the head of the kitchen stairs, which were not very well lighted, and was stealthily following the procession down. Unfortunately, in her anxiety to catch the whispered conversation of her master and mistress, she leaned a little too far forward, and fell with a crash into Chorley's back. Chorley gave a startled cry, and, in order to save himself from cannoning into Mrs. Chorley, tried to stop his downward progress by grasping at the wall. The ordinary wall, however, is not a thing that can be easily grasped, with both hands, and Chorley landed on the bottom stair a good deal shaken. Before he could make any comment on the situation, however, the kitchen door was flung open, and the cook, a tall, vigorous-looking woman of forty or so, came out to see what the noise was about. Apparently she was quite satisfied as to the cause of the disturbance, for as she turned to go back into the kitchen she said to Chorley:

Chorley landed a good deal shaken.

"You 'adn't ought to go playin' at slidin' down the banisters at your time o' life. Ought to 'ave more sense."

"How dare you talk to me like that!" spluttered Chorley as he limped after her into the kitchen, rubbing his back. It occurred to him at the same time that this would be an extremely favourable moment for giving the notice decided on. So, as the cook merely stood and looked at him with a smile of defiance, he continued:

"You'll take a month's notice."

"What—*for* ketchin' you slidin' down the banisters?" the cook inquired with a charmingly impudent assumption of surprise.

"Never mind what for," returned Chorley irritably. "And if I have any more of your nonsense, I shall put you out of the house at once."

"Ever taken any lessons in joo-jitsoo?" inquired the cook, as she stood before Chorley with her arms akimbo.

"I'm not going to argue the matter with you," said Chorley with a fine assumption of dignity, which, however, lost a good deal of its weight as he realised that Mrs. Chorley had gone upstairs again and had left him to face the foe alone.

"I was only askin' as between gentleman and lady," said the cook with an apologetic air that did not fit in very well with her defiant demeanour. "You see, *I 'ave* took lessons in joo-jitsoo. 'Ad three for 'alf-a-crown off a lady what wrestled in a circus. I can take a man's arm and give it a bit of a twist, and break it in three places. And I can hit a feller sideways on the neck with the flat o' me 'and——"

"These details do not interest me, thank you," replied Chorley, turning a little pale, and edging towards the door.

"Still, there's no 'arm in mentionin' them, you know," said the cook affably, "provided it's done in a ladylike manner. It's only right that you should know what you're lettin' yourself in for, ain't it. Upsets your friends so when you 'ave to be took round to the 'orspital in a 'urry, don't it?"

As the cook merely looked at him with a smile of defiance, Chorley said, "You'll take a month's notice."

"A month's notice!" said Chorley abruptly, as he gained the threshold of the door.

"You'll excuse me mentionin' it," continued the cook blandly, "but you can't give notice after workin' hours. It's agen the lore o' the land. If you want to give a lady notice, you must come some time when——"

Chorley, feeling that his dignity was suffering a little, crawled dismally upstairs to report progress to his wife. As Mrs. Chorley was obliged to admit that she had not even tried to do better herself, she could hardly blame her husband for the failure of his enterprise. They both agreed that it would be as well to defer the question till the morning.

When morning came, cook was up earlier than usual. Chorley smiled cheerfully as he heard her bustling about the house, and said to his wife:

"It may not be necessary to insist on the notice now, Amelia. Perhaps the talking-to I gave her last night has brought her to her senses. By jove! I didn't mince matters. I talked to her pretty severely."

"It seemed to me," said Mrs. Chorley, "from what I could hear, that cook was doing most of the talking."

"Oh, she did answer me back, of course; but you expect that from people of her sort. But she's evidently taken to heart what I said, and I suppose she's made up her mind to get everything ready in good time this morning. I think if the breakfast is all right, we'll try her for a little longer."

About half-an-hour later Chorley came downstairs. The breakfast table was laid as usual; but as this was Mary Ann's work, it afforded no clue to the supposed improvement in cook's behaviour. Chorley rang the bell, and shortly afterwards cook appeared. She had the tearful and weary look of one who has wept much, and her air of defiance had completely left her. Also, she had on her hat and jacket.

Before Chorley could recover from his surprise, cook bowed with becoming respect, and said:

"I didn't treat you very well last night, but I was excited. I always gets excited when I'm told to leave at a moment's notice, and I'm apt to forget that I'm a lady. But I'm goin' away now, and I aint goin' to give no trouble. Mary Ann 'll give me a 'and with my box to the station."

"Yes," said the cook, "I can take a man's arm and give it a bit of a twist, and break it in three places."

Chorley came out into the hall. There, sure enough, was cook's box and a couple of large parcels. While he was considering the situation, he was attracted by a strange noise coming from the box. It was like the fitful tinkling of a bell. Cook heard it too, and turned rather red.

"Come on, my dear," she said to Mary Ann. "Give us a 'and, and we'll soon be at the station."

At the same moment the tinkling grew louder. Chorley guessed in a moment what the matter was. In packing her box, cook had, with a natural absence of mind, included the alarm clock which was the property of her employers. The alarm had set itself for something like nine o'clock and was now conscientiously endeavouring to ring itself down. As Mary Ann lifted her end of the box, the clock evidently secured more freedom, for the tinkle became a vigorous rattle which was rather startling.

"I must ha' put the alarm clock in by mistake," cook explained. "One gets so flurried when one 'as to leave at a moment's notice. However, you can send the box on. I'm going away without giving any trouble. I said I would, an' so I will. I may be only a cook, but I'm a lady for all that."

"This parcel," said Chorley, picking up one of the bundles, "seems very heavy."

"Oh!" retorted cook. "Perhaps you want to say now as what I'm takin' some of your things away with me. Anybody can pack up an alarm clock by accident; but they ain't necessarily thieves. However, you can open it after I'm gone and send it on with the box. I'm goin' to leave quietly and not give no trouble. I said I would, and a lady keeps her word."

Chorley lifted the other parcel and weighed it thoughtfully. Cook watched him with a faint sneer on her lips, and then, with a snort of contempt, marched out of the house.

Chorley was too busy for the moment to think of calling her back. He was investigating the parcel, and dragging from it sundry spoons and forks, to say nothing of a silver cream jug and the Sunday tea-pot. While he was thus engaged, Mrs. Chorley came down.

"What's the matter? Where's cook?" she asked.

"She's left in a hurry," replied Chorley. "We're to send her things on."

"But did she leave her address? We haven't got it," said Mrs. Chorley.

"On the whole," said Chorley, "as he opened the next parcel, and discovered the balance of the household plate, "it's as well for her we haven't. We might communicate it to the police."

(*Another Chorley adventure next week.*)

SURGEON (tremulously): "Emma, darling, say yes, and there will be another——"

Newsboy (outside): "Big breach of promise case! Extra speshul!"

THE City 'bus was full, the 'busman ruddy of countenance and ready of wit, his face fringed with a beard of auburn hue. Across his path drove a cabman spick and span and eager to exercise his wit.

"Hallo, 'busman! I used to have a beard like yours, till I saw myself in a glass. Then I cut it off."

"Hallo, cabby! I used to have a face like yours, and when I found I couldn't cut it off I grew this beard."

Get "PEARSON'S EASY DICTIONARY," and you will be able to hold your own with anyone

Picked Pars.

Enough to Startle 'em.

A ten-year-old girl named Minna Weisbein has astonished the United States immigration authorities by her ability to speak and read Russian, Polish, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and English.

Might Stop Them Talking.

The momentous question whether legislators should or should not eat popcorn during sittings of the House was gravely debated for two hours recently by the State Legislature of Oklahoma, U.S.A. A resolution vetoing the practice was rejected.

Tell it to Them.

Sixty-five British Marines have passed through Ottawa, en route from Esquimault to England. The newspapers comment on the fact that the calculations of the caterers along the route were completely upset by forty-two men out of the sixty-five being teetotalers.

Hated Humanity.

At a recent inquest at Brighton on Harry James Hubbard, aged fifty-two, who committed suicide by hanging, remarkable evidence was given. The man had not left his house for over thirty years, and, because he had been given notice to quit, he took his own life. A brother explained that he had a horror of meeting other people.

Save us from Our Friends!

A large poster, bearing the words, "Is marriage a failure?—look inside," was attached to a carriage driven through Clapham High-street. The newly-married couple in the carriage were surprised at the amount of attention bestowed on them.

When Everyone Votes.

A Frenchman named Lovirl has left all his fortune to his native village, on condition that a banquet be given annually in memory of him, no one to be admitted but men who have exercised their right of suffrage at every opportunity during the previous year.

Love is Blind.

A blind man named Alexander Gisky fell in love with Marie Rabin, a blind girl, when he heard her sing at a concert in Bukharest. He at once proposed to her, and they are to be married at Easter. Queen Carmen Sylva has promised to attend the wedding.

"Don't Tread on the Typist."

Dr. Istvan Becu, of Temesvar, Hungary, has discovered that almost all modern ailments are due to the habit of sitting. He suggests that clerks and typewriters should stand at their work, but should recline at full length on the floor for a few minutes every two hours.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

An Ultimatum.

An inmate of the Hackney Workhouse has intimated by letter that as the Guardians will not grant him a day's holiday more than once a month he wishes to resign.

Raffle Him.

The editor of a Milan paper organised a competition, and announced that a valuable prize would be awarded. Not until the competition was closed did he state that the prize was himself. As the winner proved to be a married woman some difficulty has now arisen.

M. le Cop's Governess.

The Paris Prefect of Police has appointed an English lady, Miss Whitley, to give a course of instruction in English at the police headquarters. The course is free, and open to all Paris policemen, and the first lesson was attended by twenty policemen.

Lightning Photographs.

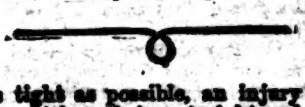
A log of mahogany which has been sawn through at Belfast was found to contain right through a very clearly defined "photograph" of a small deer and a larger animal, running. The "photograph" was probably transmitted by lightning during a storm. Every plank of the log right through shows the images clearly.

Picture Pars. *(See footline.)*

A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls. Price One Shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 10 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

BREAKING WIRE.

Anybody who has tried to break a piece of wire without the aid of a pair of pincers will probably agree that the operation is both a difficult and painful one. There is a method, however, by which it may be easily accomplished, and that method is illustrated in the accompanying picture.



By making a loop, and pulling both ends as tight as possible, an injury will be caused to the wire, which on being straightened will immediately break. By this means, wire up to number 12 gauge may be successfully dealt with.

TAKING THE SICK ASHORE.

To take a sick or injured man ashore from on board ship is a work which necessarily demands considerable care. The picture shows the method in use on big vessels. The patient is brought up on deck in a cot or hammock, which is fastened to a pole and then gently lowered over the side into the boat or steam pinnace. When the latter reaches the shore, the patient is lifted out, carried to the ambulance, and driven off to the hospital.

TURNING A TIGHT SCREW.

Anyone who has attempted to remove a very tight screw knows what a difficult business it is. After straining and twisting for a considerable time the operator frequently ends by losing his temper and destroying the bite of the screw, which remains fixed as tightly as ever. With the aid of a pair of pincers, however, the affair is quite a simple one. Place the screwdriver in position, and then catch hold of the blade with the pincers just above the head of the screw. Press the screwdriver firmly, and at the same time twist round the blade with the pincers. The tightest screw will yield immediately to this sort of persuasion.

WALKING ON MUD.

When a fisherman sets out in pursuit of the elusive eel, he first of all takes the precaution of fastening on what are known as mud pattens to the soles of his long boots. Without these he would sink up to the knees in the soft mud in which eels make their home. Mud pattens consist of pieces of board about 18in. long by 18in. wide, with two cross pieces to strengthen them and keep them from sliding. They are fastened on the feet in the manner shown in the illustration, and by their aid the fisherman can safely negotiate the most treacherous patches.

FLATTENING A BUFFER.

Numerous minor improvements are constantly being introduced on the various railways, with a view to increasing the safety of the men. One of the latest of these is shown in the accompanying illustration. All the newest buffers are now made with flattened tops like the one in the second picture, instead of being round as in the first. Consequently when an employee steps on to the buffer in order to climb up on to the roof of the carriage he is much less liable to slip off than he was with the old-fashioned variety.

POCKETS FOR KILTS.

A Highlander in his white jacket and kilt is certainly a magnificent object to look at, but anyone unacquainted with the costume might be forgiven for wondering where he managed to keep the various little articles that a man usually carries in his pocket. This is where the sporran comes in. It is not, as many people imagine, merely an ornament, but contains a pocket at the back, in which Sandy can deposit his money, pipe, tobacco, and matches.

Personal Pars.

Proof Positive.

Sir Charles Wyndham and Mr. Charles Frohman, the well-known theatrical managers, were recently chatting about plays and players. "Tell me," said Sir Charles, mentioning the name of an actress, "has she a sense of humour?" "Yes, she has," replied Mr. Frohman, smiling broadly; "she once asked me to pay her a salary of seventy pounds a week!"

Mac's Maxims.

At an election meeting, Dr. Macnamara, M.P., was tackled by a lady heckler, who inquired, "Are you in favour of repealing the blasphemy laws?" "Madam," replied the Doctor, "I'm a golfer!" "Would you give every woman a vote?" asked another lady. "Every woman should have either a vote or a voter—which do you prefer?" inquired Dr. Macnamara, amid roars of laughter.

Editor's Thoughts.

Stories of Sir William S. Gilbert, the playwright, are still being told. At a public dinner, the late Edmund Yates, editor of The World, was observed to be sitting in moody silence, apparently in deep thought. "What's the matter with Yates?" whispered Gilbert's neighbour; "he maintains quite a religious silence." "Yes," replied the witty dramatist, "he is probably thinking of the next 'Wesley.'"

Novel Introduction.

President Roosevelt takes boxing instruction daily. He was having a lively bout with Prof. Mike Donovan, of the New York Athletic Club, a few weeks ago, when a deputation of politicians was ushered into the room. Without allowing himself to be perturbed for an instant, the President delivered a mighty straight-arm blow which sent Donovan sprawling helplessly among the visitors. "Gentlemen," then said the President politely, "this is Prof. Mike Donovan. I want you to meet him."

Fate's Revenge.

"I am afraid you get frightened because you see 'A Wave of Influenza' on the placards," said County Court Judge Willis at Southwark recently; "move about and don't think of it, and it will probably not trouble you." A few days later his Honour was himself confined to his home by influenza!

Muscle Admiration.

As is well known, Lord Alverstone, the Lord Chief Justice, was a runner in his early days, and since then he has never ceased to take an interest in all healthy sports. Said he at Plumstead the other day: "Boxing has been the way Englishmen have defended themselves for centuries. It is a great satisfaction to see a strong bully meet a man who can box."

An Effectual Reply.

"La Belle Otero," the noted Parisian dancer, was being shown over the Paris Law Courts by M. Benoit, a judge, when she was told that his salary was £720 a year. "Why," she cried, "I spend as much every month." "No doubt," retorted the judge, "but if I live till I am seventy-five I shall still be earning my £720. Are you quite sure you will be doing the same?" "I am afraid not," replied the dancer, a little mortified.

Queen Amelie's Courage.

The late King of Portugal once said: "If I were ever put to the test, I should prove that, though the King of a small nation could not hope to defeat a powerful enemy, he could be brave and loyal, and could die for the honour of his flag." "And I should not let the King go that way alone," immediately added the Queen, who is now a bereaved widow. "A woman's place is not on the battlefield," remarked a courtier. "A woman's place and a Queen's is always at her husband's side, through good report and ill, and I should go with him," said Queen Amelie.

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

Smart Compliment.

The Queen, being a native of Denmark, is naturally interested in the productions of her old homeland. At a dairy exhibition some years ago her Majesty, then Princess of Wales, said to the gentleman showing her round: "I have always heard that the best butter in England comes from Denmark. Is that true?" After a moment's hesitation, the manager replied, "No, your Royal Highness. Denmark sends us the best Princesses, but Devonshire the best butter!" A sweet smile was the Englishman's reward.

Navy v. Army.

During one of the Nile campaigns Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Redvers Buller, descending some "bad water" in a river steamer, got into a discussion as to the proper channel to be taken. Each obstinately defended his own course, but in the end Buller got his own way, with the result that the steamer ran through without accident. "You see I was right," cried the General; "mine was the proper channel." "That was mine, too," coolly replied Lord Charles; "I only recommended the other because I knew you would go against whatever I said!"

Breezy Humour.

A short time ago General Booth, the fine old Salvation Army warrior, had an interview with Lord Rosebery, who received him rather coldly. "A large number of public men are a little stiff when I first enter their rooms," said the General; "I suppose they are afraid I am going to pray with them!" After telling Lord Rosebery that he could not guarantee that every man they sent had never had a glass too much, he was born with a liking for work, the General added; "You will have to go to the House of Lords for that class of man!" His lordship nearly jumped off his seat, and said that they were all archangels in the House of Lords.

A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page! Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE CHILDREN OF THE GUTTER

A Serial Story of remarkable power, telling of the pathetic side of London life.

By ARTHUR APPLIN, Author of "[illegible]," etc., etc., etc.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

Maggie Druce, a beautiful girl, who sells flowers in London streets.
Alf Druce, her brother, a paper boy. Overcome with horror, he kills his mother, Ma Druce, when she is belabouring Maggie.
Jim Dempster, out-of-work brother-in-law of Maggie and Alf. Self-sacrificingly he takes the burden of Alf's crime upon his shoulders.
Jim Ferguson, an artist, who is painting a portrait of Maggie dancing to an organ. He shields the gutter children from the police, is arrested, and perjures himself.
The Hon. Miss Bodeley had her portrait painted by Ferguson, and is attracted by the artist's personality.
Captain Bradley, a friend of Miss Bodeley's, bails out the artist when he is arrested.

Last week it was told how the prisoners in the Druce murder case were convicted of manslaughter, Dempster being sentenced to two years' penal servitude and Alf to one year's imprisonment and two years' in a reformatory. Ferguson, who is called as a witness, gives false evidence in an endeavour to save Alf.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR.
Their Garden of Eden.

Ferguson knew exactly what would happen.

It had been the rule of his life not to worry about the future and so give Fate an extraordinary amount of trouble. He was probably a fatalist; he knew that men have, of course, complete command of their souls, can work out their own salvation, but he did not believe that they had command of their lives and could decide what would happen, nor "how" and "when."

But when the trial was finished and he had said good-bye to Alf and Jim Dempster and he found himself at home in his studio, he knew that he was no longer alone, and so could no longer leave things entirely to Fate.

What must be will be! And the same reason to prepare for the unavoidable.

The unavoidable in this case would take the shape of a warrant for perjury and an enforced absence from Bond Street and work. A year ago he would have watched with amused and perhaps cynical indifference the strange things that had happened during the last few months; now he knew it was necessary he should put his house in order.

One of the first things that greeted him on awakening was a letter bearing on the envelope a small coronet. He opened it, and discovered a note from Lady Bodeley and a cheque. He smiled and shrugged his shoulders; it might just cover his share in the expenses of the trial. Now that he had no opportunity of spending money it came rolling in; his dividends for the half year—the large amount of twenty-five pounds—arrived. Whilst he was having breakfast an acquaintance who owed him five pounds strolled in—and returned it.

Ferguson lay back in his chair before the fire and laughed loudly. A few weeks ago the money would have made his heart glad. There was so much he could have done with it. He would have given himself and Maggie, and probably even Miss Bodeley, a splendid time.

Now—he remembered it might be very useful to Maggie! Any moment the warrant might arrive; he might even be arrested and taken straight off to prison.

So he wrote a short note to Maggie telling her to call at once, and sent it by express messenger. Then he sat down by his fireside again and waited, and whilst he waited he sketched Miss Bodeley from memory. Memory was all that was left him now. The picture had gone; pot-boiler he had originally called it scornfully, but it had grown to be more than that. It had been a labour of love, and would be hailed as a work of art.

But it had left him. It was his no longer; instead, a cheque—the wherewithal to boil the pot!

Ferguson set his teeth and grumbled under his breath. Had he not owed the money, he would have been tempted to return the cheque and ask Miss Bodeley to keep the picture as a souvenir. He laid down his sketch—it was not very successful—and fell to thinking of her, of all she had said and done in his studio: speeches they had discussed, how they had fought over various subjects—and she had generally come off conqueror.

It was a pity she was only a peer's daughter; it was a pity she had been born with a ready-made religion and an already earned income, and a superfluity of clothes.

Just as a woman she would have been splendid.

"May I come in?"

The unexpected! Ferguson might have guessed that, having started to make provisions for Fate, Fate instantly behaved eccentrically.

Miss Bodeley glided noiselessly into the studio. Ferguson rose, advanced a few steps, then stood still and looked at her. He was too surprised to speak; moreover, when he tried to he found he had nothing to say. The conventional greeting was out of place.

His heart was beating at rather an unusual rate. So was Miss Bodeley's.

She closed the door behind her, and looked at Ferguson, and her lips were dumb. Perhaps there was good reason for her silence, for she had just broken something—an unwritten law. She had broken one of the most important of the conventions, and, metaphorically hearing it snap, she stood trembling and surprised at her temerity.

For she was a very young girl, brought up in a very ordinary way with very common-place, well-bred parents. But having taken the first step in the direction of happiness she refused to apologise for it or make excuses.

She had run away to see Jim Ferguson; she had stolen from her house like a disobedient child, quite aware that if her father or mother guessed her intention she would have been stopped, lectured, and forbidden to go. But Christine had for the last few mornings read the newspaper with avidity, and it had hinted at the fate that probably awaited that rising young artist Mr. Jim Ferguson.

So she had made up her mind to outstrip Fate, and before that jade could reach the studio arrive there, take Ferguson's hand, and congratulate him on his pluck before he went to prison.

It was doubtless a very awful thing to shake hands with a man who is going to prison, but there was something thrilling about it also.

She was the first to speak. "You look surprised. I hope you're not disappointed?"

"I am surprised," Ferguson replied quietly. "I didn't expect to see you again."

"Well, here I am"—Miss Bodeley advanced a few steps—"so you must make the best of me for the next few minutes. I came to—congratulate you."

The surprise grew in Ferguson's eyes; Miss Bodeley saw it, and it added to her embarrassment. She strolled with assumed carelessness towards the model's throne. "Have you started a new picture—not a pot-boiler, of course, but something interesting?"

Ferguson shook his head. "I haven't found anything interesting since I finished Miss Bodeley."

Christine turned her face away for a minute whilst she seated herself on the edge of the throne. "Aren't you going to finish Maggie's portrait?"

Ferguson laughed; he still stood with his back to the fire, in the shadows. He looked at Miss Bodeley swinging her legs on the throne, and he wondered how it would feel if every morning when he awoke and dressed he found her there. He put the thought from him irritably and commenced to fill a pipe.

"I've murdered Maggie," he said roughly. "Have you seen her portrait in the daily papers? Perhaps I should say we have murdered her—I and my ridiculous theories, you and your ridiculous clothes."

Miss Bodeley nodded cheerfully. "Has she found them useful?"

Ferguson did his best to be bad tempered—or rude. "Hardly useful at first; more ornamental, I should say."

Christine blushed. "You're not nice, and I wish I hadn't come."

Ferguson folded up his pouch and laid down his pipe, and after a short struggle with himself walked to the throne and sat down beside Miss Bodeley. "Don't say that, because I've been wishing you had not come."

"Thank you," she smiled; "but your bad manners don't astonish or frighten me now."

"Yes, I wish you hadn't come," Ferguson repeated, "but now that you're here I'm not going to let you go."

Miss Bodeley was tempted to rise; she resisted the temptation and contented herself with edging away from Ferguson. "Tell me, what are your plans for the future? That's what I want to know."

For the first time she was a little frightened at the step she had taken. Events were happening just as she expected they would, Ferguson was behaving just as she intended he should; but, woman-like, she pretended to her conscience she was surprised.

"I think other people have arranged my future for me," Ferguson laughed. "When you entered I was waiting for—for a warrant! Christine, I am going to prison!"

He used her Christian name so naturally that she did not notice it until it was too late.

"Won't they let you off with a fine?" she whispered. She commenced to play nervously with her glove. She was blushing again; one moment her cheeks were rosy red, another moment almost white. It was extraordinary. The phenomenon was rare, and to her unnatural. She began to feel quite frightened. She told her heart it was a fool for having advised her to come. But her heart, for all that it beat so quickly, smiled.

For the heart can smile; you can watch the phenomenon if you speak to your dog sometimes.

"I refuse to be fined; indeed, you can't fine a man who hasn't any money." Ferguson threw back his head and gazed at the ceiling. "I am beginning to discover, Miss Bodeley, I'm not altogether right in my theories about money. I thought poverty had all the advantages; it has some disadvantages also. I can imagine already the feelings of the poor brute in the dock who hears 'five shillings or five days'—and his wife and baby are both waiting at home to be fed."

Miss Bodeley shivered and made a wry face.

"I can also imagine the feelings of the poor beggar," Ferguson continued, watching carefully the progress of a spider, that had escaped Mrs. Jones's attention, spinning his web from the ceiling to the window—"I can also imagine the feelings of the poor beggar who wakes up one morning and hears knocking at his door a certain person whom he has despised all his life."

"You mean the bailiff," Miss Bodeley said unsteadily.

Ferguson frowned at the spider on the ceiling, held his breath for an instant as it swung down the silken invisible rope.

"No, not the bailiff, but—Cupid . . . love, you know."

"Oh! . . . ."

The spider managed to reach the window, and it disappeared. Ferguson still stared at the ceiling. Christine stared at her shoes; curiously enough, they were of suède, and the same shape and colour as a certain pair that had sat beside Ferguson's red shoes in his room one evening.

"You speak as if you pitied the poor fellow—not Cupid, the other fellow," Miss Bodeley whispered at last. "Was he a coward and afraid to open the door?"

Ferguson forced a laugh. "Not exactly a coward, perhaps a fool. You see, Love's generally such a hungry little beggar . . . and, though he's so small, he requires an awful amount of room, and—well, unless a fellow can take Love in and look after him properly he couldn't very well open the door, could he?"

Miss Bodeley sighed, and considered the matter for some time. "Why not? Is Love always so poor? Does he always come empty-handed?"

Ferguson hesitated, and at last lowered his eyes. "I think it's the most difficult problem I ever tackled," he said steadily, "and it can't be solved in an hour."

"Perhaps it bores you," Miss Bodeley said quickly, slipping off the throne and walking across the room.

Ferguson shook his head. "You wouldn't open your door, whoever knocked, if you knew you had nothing to offer."

"Why don't you finish Maggie's portrait?" Miss Bodeley asked, pulling out the canvas.

"Because she's no longer in the gutter, neither is she any longer in rags. She's in——"

He was interrupted. "Thanks, you reminded me once! I think I must be going. . . . I ought not to have come; you needn't tell anyone that I came! It was only to congratulate you and to say—good-bye."

"Exactly—good-bye." Ferguson rose now. "It was awfully nice of you to come, Miss Bodeley—splendid! By the way, what a good chap Captain Bradley is!"

"Is he?" Christine said innocently. Her cheeks were their normal colour again.

"Yes. Now, he's the sort of man who, if he heard Love knocking at his door, would open it quickly. I wish you could find out who my mysterious friends were who went bail for me."

The question came unexpectedly, and nearly tripped Miss Bodeley. "How should I know?" she stammered. "I mean, how should I understand?"

"You do know," Ferguson cried quickly—"he's told you!"

Miss Bodeley looked round despairingly. Her ridiculous heart was pumping an excessive amount of warm blood to her cheeks. She was cornered—Ferguson might discover her secret. Of course, she did not quite know what it was herself—but *he* might know!

She ran towards the door. "I had no idea it was so late; I must be going—good-bye."

A woman cannot run in petticoats. Maggie would have been through the door and out into the street, but Ferguson stopped Miss Bodeley before the door was opened—not only stopped her, but seized both her hands and led her back into the centre of the room, and held them.

"Christine, you know who came to my rescue. I see you know—you're blushing——"

She stamped her foot furiously. "How dare you be so silly! Let me go at once, Mr. Ferguson."

"Not until you've told me! Christine, it was your father!"

"It was not," she cried; "if you mention it to him I'll never forgive you. How dare you keep my hands when I asked you to let them go, and . . . there's someone coming."

There was—footsteps always echoed noisily on the stone corridors outside. It might be Maggie, it might be Mrs. Jones, it might be the warrant.

So instead of letting Miss Bodeley go Ferguson held her more tightly. "Christine—that little beggar has knocked too loudly; I must open the door, if only to send him away again!"

The head of the Dresden china figure drooped, lower . . . lower . . . until, instead of the blue eyes, Ferguson only looked at a great bunch of black feathers that quivered to and fro mockingly.

"Christine . . . my dear . . . I love you!"

As a matter of fact, she had told him so first, only, of course, he did not know that. It is always the woman who proposes to the man; she with her heart and he with his lips. It is always she who first awakens love in his breast, and when it is alight leaves him to set the torch flaming in her heart. It is not love that prompts her as a rule to propose dumbly. Only when her curiosity is satisfied does she love.

To the man love comes first, and afterwards, perhaps, curiosity—as to how and why he loved. With time a woman's love increases; she is no longer curious, only sometimes, alas! a little unhappy and disappointed.

The sexes have exchanged, and neither perhaps are quite satisfied.

And so as soon as the declaration had been made Ferguson was even more surprised than Christine. He had spoken impulsively, scarcely knowing what he said. He had spoken with the tongue of an angel rather than a man, and for the moment he was overcome at his daring. Fear was not for him, though never before in his life had he approached nearer to it.

On the other hand, fear, which had pursued Christine, left her, and a strange, exultant joy leapt in her breast.

Eve in her Garden of Eden! For a moment she was primeval; she experienced the joy of the conqueror. And slowly she raised her head, and the bunch of feathers no longer mocked Ferguson; instead, her blue eyes—deep, unfathomable seas now—gazed into his, questioning.

"Oh—are you sure? . . . *Jim, let me go!*"

Reason returned to him quickly—rather too quickly. He had been off his balance; he found it again. He knew he ought not to have spoken, but what he said he had said, and it was too late to retract. Besides, though he had perjured himself in the court, he had spoken the truth in the studio.

"Yes, I'll let you go in a minute, you must go, Christine. But, dear, I am sure! . . . I love you."

"DO IT NOW" is the Bradshaw of success. It tells you how to get to your chosen destination.

She sighed, and her head dropped again, back on to his shoulders, not towards her breast. Her lips parted. A mist crept down over the blue seas in her eyes; their lids, with their forests of dark lashes, fell like twin clouds. Her breath came warm and sweet on Ferguson's face. He bent towards her, freeing her hands, which dropped to her side, whilst a delicious shudder ran through her body—and he held her in his arms.

Now he was fighting. Better had he run away—the odds against him were too great. He was primeval, too. Adam in his Garden of Eden.

His lips touched hers. It was the first time Christine had been kissed.

* * * * *

It was impossible that either of them should have heard the studio door open. Maggie would have closed it again, more quietly than she had opened it, only she was taken by surprise. Love had never touched her lips; she had never even seen the phenomenon before. She started, then stood as still as the white marble goddess shining in the corner by the curtains, and stared. She saw love, she saw it for the first time, right there before her eyes.

And she trembled, and the blood leapt through her veins, hot and furious. And then as she recognised it, and knew that it was not for her and would never, never be for her, an inarticulate, frightened cry escaped her lips, and, too late, she tried to hide herself behind the door.

Ferguson looked up and released Miss Bodeley . . . and saw Maggie, the girl he had lifted from the gutters!

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE.

From Beneath the *Surface*.

MAGGIE had a most excellent lesson in good breeding. Unfortunately, she was unable to take advantage of it. For the moment surprise and consternation left her dumb.

"Come in, Maggie," Ferguson said cheerfully. "I sent for you because I wanted to see you on business."

"Yer're busy, ain't yer?" Maggie mumbled. Grammar deserted her at the critical moment.

Ferguson suddenly felt angry, but he did not stop to consider the injustice of it. "No, not now. Come in and sit down, and I'll attend to you in one moment." Then he turned to Christine.

"I'm sorry you must be going. I'll see you into a cab, shall I?"

Miss Bodeley nodded. She was putting on her long white gloves, and finding some difficulty in doing so. As she passed Maggie she looked at her and nodded. "How are you, Maggie?"

Maggie turned her head away and made no reply. Once the studio door closed and she was alone she jumped to her feet, her fists clenched, her eyes flaming, her body quivering.

No longer gutter child, scarcely woman now, just wild beast. For some seconds she stood so, her self-control gone, control of all sorts. Cleanliness and Godliness, that had of late come to her, were forgotten. Love, whose face she had vaguely seen, and whose presence dimly suspected, disappeared. But passion, of whose existence she had been almost ignorant, burst its bonds asunder and shrieked in her breast.

"It's her," she hissed under her breath—"it's her! That's why he didn't want me. And I—I got on her cast-off rags. . . . They give 'em to me to be dressed up in and laughed at . . . I!"

She tore open the neatly-buttoned coat, and a button rattled across the floor of the studio. She laid fierce hands on the inoffensive blouse as if to tear it open too, and drag Miss Bodeley's garments from her body and trample them under her feet.

Something stopped her. Had she been anywhere else she would have stripped herself to the last rag and torn them to pieces and flung them at the artist's feet. But she could not do so in the studio.

Something stopped her.

For an instant she stood quivering like a reed blown to and fro by passion. Then her flaming eyes were caught by the mocking, unfinished portrait of herself, which Miss Bodeley had taken from the wall and left leaning against the easel. She dashed across the studio, picked it up, broke it against her knee, and, throwing it on the ground, stamped her feet on the canvas.

Again and again, her breath coming raspingly, her hands clutching and tearing at the blouse around her neck.

Then when the studio door opened she turned like a tigress at bay, unashamed, unafraid, one foot through the torn canvas, the other on the ground in advance of it, as she stamped in terrible fury.

Ferguson had bidden good-bye to Christine.

The long dark stone corridor, which he had oftentimes reviled, he now blessed, for it sheltered them from curious eyes, and he had been able to say what had been in his head as well as in his heart.

In the pleasant warmth of the studio, under the influence of his household gods, he had told Christine he loved her. In the cold darkness of the stone passage he had apologised, and warned her that his love must die stillborn. Not for him the pleasant paths of marriage; not for him the fireside, the seeking hands, and little hearts. But he did not dally with sentiment, or even touch the skirts of romance. Almost brutally he told Miss Bodeley that a peer's daughter cannot marry a man who has so far proved his loyalty to his country's laws as to pass a year or two of his life in his country's prisons. Moreover, poverty is not for aristocracy—and Miss Bodeley would not find it pleasant renewing her wardrobe from the collection of rubbish in the studio cupboard.

All of which facts Christine would have laughed to scorn had not Ferguson been so serious and so determined.

"We shall not meet again," he said quietly. "Probably most men would call me a cad for having told you I loved you. I didn't mean to do so, but I don't regret it. It's better that we should know; I don't see why it should not make life happier and better, even though we don't meet again, and our love comes to nothing."

Christine's heart grew heavy, and fear was with her, but she dismissed it. "You can't give me up against my will," she replied. "You take it for granted that you will have to go to prison; but if so, when you come out I shall be waiting for you. We are both very young," she continued; "I'm only a little fool, but you're clever, and you're going to be a great man one day. Perhaps that's why I want to marry you, and—and refuse to be jilted."

"You must not refuse," he said, trying to smile; "because you love me you must do as I tell you."

He handed her into a cab; she was powerless to resist. He was very cruel, which made her love him all the more. There was so much to be said. Never had she known how much there was to be said before, never had she known how full life was of beautiful desires. Never before had she seen the possibilities of life—infinite. And she could say nothing, do nothing, only obey. The man she loved was sending her away, and would not listen to her explanations.

"It would be very awkward if, when you came out of prison," she whispered, her voice trembling, though she pretended it was with laughter—"if you found yourself in the law courts again. . . . Breach of promise is nearly as serious as perjury."

The cab bells laughed sarcastically as the horse plunged forward. And so Ferguson found himself alone again. . . . He had even forgotten Maggie—until he found himself facing a Fury.

"What have you done?"

Maggie had never heard him speak like that before. And at the second glance she knew she had never seen him look so before. He looked like death, and he spoke as she could imagine death might speak. But her insane anger blazed too brightly to be extinguished at once.

She could find no words with which to reply; she stamped her feet again, and the canvas rattled beneath them.

Emotions had played havoc with Jim Ferguson; though now he had his feelings under a grip of iron, he could not switch his thoughts quickly enough from one idea to another, or his understanding from one woman to another. The sense of the victory he had obtained, and its wonderful price, and the loss he had sustained were paramount. Maggie for the moment was nothing—a small duty he had forgotten and needs must remember.

But this young fury, glaring defiance and hatred at him, was neither the old nor the new Maggie. He hardly knew what it was, nor what to make of it.

"What have you done?" he repeated, and this time there was just a trace of weariness in his voice.

"Can't yer see what I've done!" she raved. "Look—look—and I'll just show yer what I'm goin' to do, too."

She picked up the canvas and flung it at his feet; she tore off her coat and sent it hurtling after the canvas; she ripped the blouse at her throat. . . . And then, ere she realised it, her arms were pinioned behind her and she found herself lifted off her feet.

It felt as if her arms had been dislocated. She did not cry out with the pain; rather she enjoyed and was grateful for it. 'Jim was hurting her horribly . . . to be hurt by him was almost as good, or better, than being kissed by him.

He gave her something the Honourable Miss Bodeley might never receive from him.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX.

The Awakening.

FERGUSON placed Maggie in a chair—and held her there. He had no intention of releasing her until she showed signs of returning sanity.

At first, in spite of the pain, her arms, twisted behind her, gave her, she struggled furiously, uttering sharp but subdued cries under her breath like an animal in pain or passion.

Ferguson's grip never relaxed, rather it increased. He was seriously alarmed, entirely at a loss to understand Maggie's behaviour, and having not the least suspicion of its cause.

"Maggie, stop these hysterics," he said at last, sternly and in a cold voice that sobered Maggie more quickly than anything else would have done. "Tell me, what's happened to you?"

"They ain't hysterics! I know what I'm doin' and what I means to do."

Ferguson released her, and, stepping back, looked at her. Maggie looked at him, too—but not for long. Her conscience—another newly-acquired incommodity—pricked her.

He looked tired—dead tired; but behind the tiredness she saw something very like contempt lurking in his eyes.

"You've lost your head," he said slowly—"and a little of the grammar you learnt so quickly."

Maggie knew there was grave danger she might subside into tears. After being swept by passion the average woman is swept by tears. But she set her teeth and fought against them.

"A lot of good grammar's goin' to do me, and perhaps the sooner I lost my head the better. But that's not what's wrong with me."

Ferguson nodded; then, as Maggie did not continue, but bent her head and stared savagely at her shoes, he walked to the mantelshelf. She was conscious how wearily he moved. Picking up the pipe he was filling when Miss Bodeley entered, he lit it.

"I'm waiting to know what's wrong," he said, after a prolonged silence.

Maggie tossed her head; she was still consumed with wrath. The fires of indignation blazed in her breast; indeed, her anger increased as her powers of expression decreased. Ferguson robbed her of expression and she hated him for it, whilst at the same time she feared him because he was so calm and quiet. He had done her grievous wrong, of that she was certain; but what the wrong exactly was she did not know, neither did she care. She was not in the mood to offer explanations even to herself. She was only conscious that she wanted to "have it out" with Jim Ferguson.

When he had lifted her by the arms, thrown her into a chair, and pinioned her, she had experienced a thrill of savage delight, hoping that he would strike her or beat her. She would have been cowed instantly if he had done the right thing, for she would have known that he cared for her, though ever so little. She would have known she was something to him, that she was not unnecessary in his life, that he sometimes found her useful—as useful, perhaps, as his canvas, his paints, his brushes, or the matches that lit the pipe that was ever between his lips as he worked.

She would have known then that the Honourable Miss Bodeley had not taken him body and soul—thoughts, desires, and dreams. But when she stole a glance at his face and saw his weariness and its calm disapproval, she shivered. He did not care, or, instead of looking tired, he would have looked angry; he was treating her as a child, just as he had done when they first met. It had been well enough then; it had been well enough, and she had been satisfied to be so well treated, until a few weeks ago, when baths and grammar-books, long skirts, and hairpins had come into her life.

She was a woman now; she wanted a woman's rights and privileges. They had not many she knew; the only ones she knew of had been discovered in the gutter—the right to love and be sacrificed, the right to have one man to clothe and feed and keep in beer money, the right to be cursed by him and beaten by him, to share his strength and manhood, if only with a black eye and a broken nose. The right to defend and protect a drunken husband, lover, or unwelcome child. And the right to fight.

She wanted to fight now, and Ferguson refused; she wanted to cry out, to scratch, to beat—and to be beaten.

"Well, why don't yer say something?" she blurted at last. "Sulky, I suppose, standing there suckin' yer pipe and syin' nothin'. Out with it—yer hates me—don't yer? . . . Then—then why don't yer beat me, why don't yer hit me? Here I am—hit me!"

Ferguson sighed. "Don't be such a little fool, Maggie, and don't make such a noise, or you'll disturb all the studios and no one will be able to work."

That was more than flesh and blood could stand. She jumped to her feet again and faced him, her fists clenched, her red hair shaken loose and hanging in wild disorder like flames about her shoulders.

"So yer're afraid lest yer fine friends hear us; yer're ashamed of me—of course, I knew that all along. I've been a nice sort of fool, haven't I?—dressing up and washin' myself and tryin' to be respectable to please yer."

The ghost of a smile flitted across the artist's face. "I never asked you to be respectable, Maggie."

"Yes, yer did; or else why did yer tell me to wash——"

"Mrs. Jones is respectable, and she was horrified when she learnt you'd had a bath," he smiled again.

"—To dress myself up in *her* fine fal-lals," Maggie continued desperately. "But I'll take 'em off—yes, every blessed thing; her shall have 'em back. I don't want 'em, I must have been fair crazed to have put 'em on. A nice exhibition I've made of myself."

The tears gushed forth then—not tears of sorrow, but rather of humiliation. She was utterly ashamed of herself—not of her present unseemly behaviour, not of her unbridled temper, not of her bad manners, bad grammar, and bad temper, but of the very thing she had craved and partially obtained.

She was ashamed of her cleanliness, the pretty clean clothes she wore, and the hair she had brushed so strenuously, and the hat she had been at such pains to put on at the right angle; of her poor attempts to speak correctly, and of her poor desire to think fine thoughts and to read good books.

"Well, I'm waiting for an explanation."

"A—an—ex-plan-a-tion!" She spat the words in his face. His voice, as emotionless as a hammer knocking against wood, maddened her. If he had only taken her by the shoulders and shaken the life out of her, or poured a torrent of vituperation upon her; if he had only told her the truth—that she was a miserable little fool, a vile, ungrateful wretch, an ugly, hopeless child of sin and shame—she would have respected him—and, moreover, understood.

She would have been at his feet like a whipped dog imploring forgiveness, and they would have shaken hands and made it up perhaps, in spite of the memory of Miss Bodeley and the curious thing she had witnessed passing between them.

But this rigid self-control was more than she could bear. It meant more than indifference, it meant being despised.

Then the thought entered her heart—if she could, she would fight him with his own weapons.

"Explanations! You don't want none from me; it's what I've come for. You sent for me, didn't yer?"

"Yes, that's true; I'd forgotten."

"So I should think!"

Ferguson remembered then Maggie's unexpected entrance and what she had seen. He wondered for an instant whether that were the cause of her sudden wild outburst, but dismissed the thought as ridiculous.

"I don't think it's much use telling you anything until you have control of yourself. Unfortunately, time is short; I may have to go away at any moment——"

"Off with *her*?"

Ferguson was putting on his hat and coat. He walked into his bedroom; quite a new and an altogether alarming problem faced him. Under any other circumstances he would have put it away with a shrug of the shoulders and a contemptuous laugh. But it was too serious to be dismissed.

Was it possible that Maggie had grown jealous of Christine Bodeley?

It was absurd, and yet. . . . She had told him so if only he had listened. A woman would have known in an instant, but, being a man, he refused to know or was incapable of understanding.

(Another long instalment next week.)

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"Lee Cross, near Shrewsbury.

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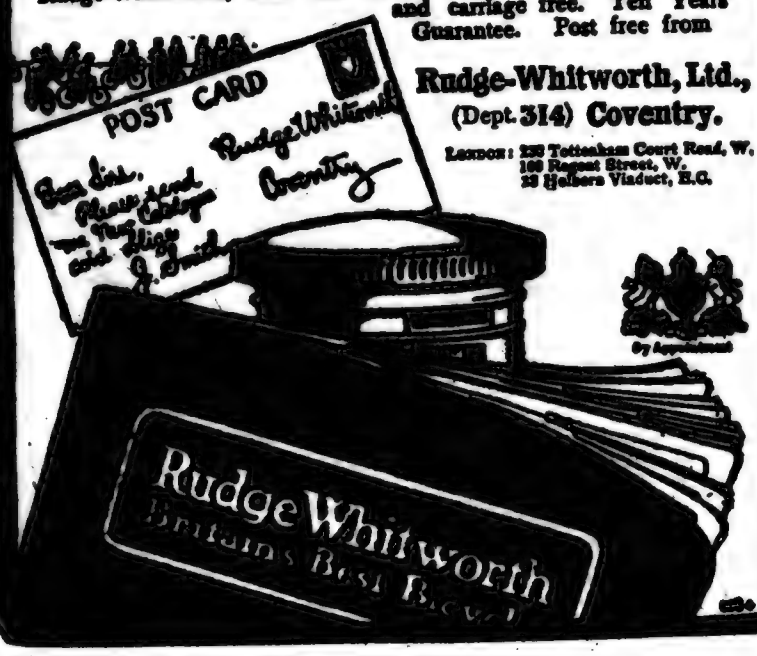

SERIAL STORY.

The House of Rimmon.

By JOHN K. PROTHERO, Author of "In the Grip of Fate."

This week you will read how Natt attempts to kill Hedley Stuart but is prevented by Nan, and how Sir Douglas absolutely ruins Marcus Stebbing the Jew.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.
"You shall see Stuart."

PLOT and counterplot. Stebbing had planned a murderous attack on Blythe on the same day the baronet designed should see the downfall of the Jew. Natt, on his own game intent, hoped to prevent Blythe's murder by the removal of Stuart—the bone of contention between millionaire and Israelite.

Meanwhile Nan, single-hearted, pure of purpose, all unconscious of the snare about her feet, made smooth the way for his design.

She rang up Hedley in the early afternoon at his broker's office, and told him of her interview with Natt. After much suspicious questioning, Stuart was finally persuaded to see Natt that night in his office.

Stuart took Nan to dinner, a silent meal, not too cheerful, and saw her home to the studio. Then with a quickened pulse he went back to Lincoln's Inn Fields and so into his office.

The building was very quiet; the offices were empty. The caretaker, after her nightly exertions with the broom, had repaired to a neighbouring public-house for a glass of spirits and a friendly chat.

Stuart turned over some papers that had long waited for attention, and, growing immersed in their contents, did not hear a step in the outer office. The click of the latch made him raise his head; Natt Drake opened the door, shut it, and advanced towards the table.

"Good evening," he said curtly. He took in the position of the solicitor, noted he was sitting immediately in front of the table drawer, and that the drawer was slightly opened. "I'm Nan Hallam's brother—Natt."

"I understood you were coming this evening. Sit down," the solicitor said politely.

The visitor took a chair, shifting its position slightly, so that it was between Stuart and the door.

"May I smoke?" he said, and leisurely commenced to fill his pipe.

"I take it you and my sister are good pals?" said Natt, affably. "I've formed my own conclusions on the matter—she said nothing."

Stuart felt compelled to admit the soft impeachment, and waited.

"She's a good girl, is Nan. She's had a worrying time of it. I've given her more than a bit of anxiety. That's why I've come to you. I feel I owe it to her to tell you that she's always run straight." He paused. "She's a good girl, Nan."

The solicitor agreed. He was impressed against his will. Depend on it, Blythe knew human nature when he counselled Drake to assume a pilot coat and the unsophisticated heartiness of a seafaring man.

"I don't need any assurance as to your sister's integrity," said the solicitor, stiffly.

"You're right there. Nan would run straight if she died for it. Now, I'm not that sort myself—worse luck! I'm all for honesty when I've a full stomach; but when I'm empty of food and drink, thinks look different. I've been a crook from necessity, not choice."

Stuart, having heard similar avowals from the lips of despondent burglars and forgers out of work, was not impressed by the statement. Natt felt he was not making a good impression. It was necessary to the success of his plan that he should gain the solicitor's confidence. Somehow or other Stuart must be lured from that open drawer, in the corner of which, snug to his right hand, lay—if he knew his man—a loaded revolver.

"See here, mister"—he leant over the table with a sheepish smile—"I reckon you're suspicious of me. You're not sure as to why I've come. Suppose I know something you'd give your eyes to find out? Suppose I could give you information as to"—he fixed his eyes on the other—"as to a gold bead!"

Stuart started to his feet, as suddenly sat down again.

"Why should you come to me with such information?" he said, sharply.

"Because I want to sell it, and you're the only person likely to give me a fair price."

"Why should I buy?" asked Stuart.

"You'll learn later."

"You gave a different reason for your call here to your sister."

The other grinned.

"I don't believe in telling women everything," he said. "They get moral indigestion mighty quick. I've not come on a blackmailing errand, mister," he added. "I want money—money to start fresh in the Cape. I've my passage and a few pounds over—much too few for my taste. Give me a hundred quid and I'll tell you what I know about that bead."

"You're insolent in your demands."

"Only businesslike."

"You must be more explicit."

"That's impossible without telling you everything. I don't propose to do that without payment."

"How much do you want to answer my questions?"

"A tanner a time. I'll keep count, and you can give me a cheque at the end."

"I'll give you a sovereign an answer as to this bead. Where was it found?"

"At Sir Douglas Blythe's. You know that as well as I do; you're wasting your money, guv'nor. Ask me something you don't know."

"You are acquainted with Sir Douglas?"

"I know him by sight and by name. I've never spoken to him." Natt was an artistic liar, and spoke with a judicial slowness.

"Your sister tells me you are, or were, a member of a gang of thieves at the command of one man. What is that man's name?"

Natt smiled serenely.

"Can't you guess? I thought you lawyer chaps were smart. The Jew, Stebbing, runs the show."

"You swear that?"

"On my Bible oath. Nan's got a bee in her bonnet. She's been reading detective stories, and imagines we're captained by a baby millionaire. The Jew's the nearest thing we've got to that."

"What do you know of the bead found at Sir Douglas Blythe's?"

"It dropped from the neck of a lady who called there uncommon late. It's a long story. You'd better let me tell it my own way. I was watching Blythe's house one night some months ago—Stebbing had put me on to spy on Brettal, your missing witness, guv'nor. He couldn't make out why Brettal had gone to Park Lane, and was feeling funky."

"You saw Brettal leave the house?"

Stuart interrupted eagerly.

"Give me a chance, guv'nor. I can't tell more than one tale at a time. I was talking of the lady who called on Sir Douglas close on half-past two in the morning. I was right up against the railings, and she brushed my arm as she passed by. I saw the beads as close as I see you. They were shining round her neck like tiny flames. She went right up the steps and in at the door. She was expected, I should say, for the door opened so soon as she reached it."

"How did you hear of the missing bead?"

"That's another story. One of the chaps in Stebbing's gang walks out with a maid in service at Blythe's. She told him there'd been a shindy about a gold bead discovered in the baronet's study. I suppose old Blythe took the woman up there."

The solicitor squared his shoulders, and stifled a rising inclination to punch the other's head.

"I ask you now what I asked at the beginning of the interview. Why should I buy this information? Of what interest is it to me?"

"You buy it exclusive." Natt watched the other narrowly. Stuart's passion was rising. Drake calculated it would reach high tide within the next four seconds. He sized his man up. He wasn't cool enough to remember that shining something in the right hand corner of the drawer. He'd come like a whirlwind, eager to kill the other with bare hands. Well, let him come. Under the table Natt took a firm grasp of his stick—a stout blackthorn, loaded at the handle. He'd played the game with a skill worthy of a better cause. He was bluffing all the time; but it was a magnificent bluff.

"Where's the advantage?"

"You know the lady. It wouldn't do her any good to have her story in the papers. Half-past two in the morning is a bit late, and Sir Douglas isn't a saint."

"So you're a blackmailer, after all! Can you give me any reason why I shouldn't telephone for the police and give you in charge?"

"In the first place, I'm Nan's brother, and you're going to marry her. In the second place, the name of the woman I saw would come out. That's the point of the whole matter, Mister Stuart. A lovely woman, with a figure to make your mouth water, supple as a willow, golden hair, and lips red as you please. Now, then—what's up?" He started to his feet and faced Stuart, who had also risen.

"*Her name!*" He was leaning over the table, his fist clenched, his heart beating like a sledge hammer. "*Her name!*" He forced himself to ask, swearing that if the answer was the one he dreaded, the words should be the last on the man's lips.

"Oh, it's well known; she's other lovers besides Sir Douglas. Barbara Fleming she was, Mrs. Le Patrol——"

He never finished the sentence. Stuart was on him, clutching his bull throat. He came quickly—so quickly Natt had no time to shorten his hold upon the stick. The weight of him, the force of the impact, sent stick and Natt on to the floor.

"You dog! You'll slander her name, will you! Blackmailer! Thief!" Demons were loose in Hedley Stuart; kneeling on the other's chest, he dug his fingers closer into the soft flesh.

But Natt was not done yet. He got his left arm free, and hammered at the other's head with a sickening force, and with his right hand caught at Stuart's ear and strove to tear it from the roots. The agony was exquisite. With a sharp cry, Stuart dropped his hands from Natt's throat. An instant only, but it sufficed. Natt was on his feet like a flash, bearing the other to the ground with resistless force of bull strength. A heavier man than Stuart, brutalised to the level of a hooligan he kicked the man's head with his heavy boot.

Then, with a savage curse, he seized his stick. He was going to do for the solicitor, going to smash his head with the loaded knob. That his sister loved the man influenced him not at all. He had come prepared to do this thing, and the luck had been with him. True to the one interest outside himself, true to the idol he worshipped in a brutish fashion, he was going to murder Stuart that Blythe might be saved.

He swung his stick to get a purchase on it, and so intent was he upon the movement that he did not hear a light step on the threshold, catch the flash of a white gown.

Once, twice, a third time he brought the stick down with a sickening crash.

"Curse you!" he yelled, and then, with a strangled cry, stepped back, and gazed with wide and terror-stricken eyes. And at the sight that met his gaze even his hard heart sickened. The stick had fallen on the defenceless head of Nan, brought there by who shall say what subtle message, what strange sense? She lay across her lover, gripping him with her arms, covering his dear face. She had come in time—in time to save him. The thought upheld her soul as the blow crushed feeling from her body. Body and soul dedicated to him!

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO.
A Battle of Giants.

THROGMORTON STREET, the greatest gambling centre in the universe, was crowded with an eager and excited throng. Stebbing, his sallow face flushed with excitement, pushed his way through the yelling crowd, who rained down questions and ejaculations, striving to catch from some chance word or gesture a clue, however faint, that should tell them how to act.

Pratolungas were booming, and expectation was on tiptoe. The company, reorganised, and with a board calculated to impress the public, was growing strong. Stebbing had manipulated the business to perfection.

The price was steadily rising, and Stebbing had bought heavily; but, not content, his instructions to his broker remained unchanged. "Buy Pratolungas." He held a matter of 300,000 shares, which he had bought on an average of three pounds a share. He calculated that the price would rise to six. If things turned out as he anticipated, he would find himself a millionaire.

He fought his way through the shouting throng, as he had fought his way up from the gutter. The shares were up again. They stood at five.

"Buy me two thousand," he instructed his broker, laconically. Lord Fordham seized him from behind.

"Shall I sell, Stebbing?" he asked, excitedly.

"Not yet. Hold on till I tell you. You'll clear close on a hundred thousand if you take my tip." He smiled upon the aristocrat, who, acting on Carita's advice, had accepted a seat on the board of the company and invested his spare thousands in shares. Le Patrol shared the Jew's elation. Ignorant of the fact that Barbara had made her shares over to Stebbing, he gloated in anticipation over the money he, or rather his wife, would make. Stuart was no fool. He would sell Pratolungas at the top price. Le Patrol spent the prospective thousands many times over. Meanwhile he followed the Jew's lead, and bought for himself.

Sir Douglas meanwhile watched the market from a distance. He had taken a house on the river, and studiously avoided town. Stebbing, suspicious at first that the baronet was working against him, was deceived by his quiescence. All things were going well for the Jew. Money would be his and vengeance also, and the day of fulfilment was the morrow.

The next morning a cable would arrive, stating that a rich vein had been struck. The shares would rush up. Stebbing, on the crest of the rise, would sell. On the morrow, also, Blythe would meet his mittimus. Raikes, the safe-breaker, aided by the sleek-voiced man, had arranged to carry through the little job. The baronet's removal to Hanley had simplified matters. It was, as Raikes observed, most considerate of their late chief to have made their work so easy.

Sir Douglas spent his evenings on the river, paddling about in a punt or rowing in a dingy. Sometimes Betty or Rosalie accompanied him, but, for the most part, he went alone.

The morning dawned fresh and fragrant in the country, touched with heavy blackness in the city. There the crowds sweltered in the heat and groaned under the burden of existence.

Stebbing, early astir, was at his broker's, gorgeous in battle array—to wit, a watch chain of massive proportions, an amazing waistcoat, and a ruby tie pin. The all-important cable was timed to arrive at twelve o'clock. The sender, an engineer at the mine, was in the pay of Stebbing, and could be trusted to do his work. The Jew walked restlessly to and fro, biting his nails. Time lagged painfully; his heart thumped against his ribs. Suppose his carefully laid plan went wrong; suppose at the eleventh hour one of those sudden flurries should descend upon the market and send Pratolungas spinning down.

He went to the telephone, half inclined to instruct his broker to sell his shares. He would clear a handsome profit without waiting for the cablegram. The next minute he was ready to laugh at his fears. He had engineered the coup with patience and consummate cleverness. He was not the man to be baulked of his reward by womanish tremors.

He went out into the street, and, turning into Lyons' Bar, ordered a stiff brandy and soda. The stimulant steadied his nerves. It wanted a quarter to twelve. Over and over again the Jew calculated the difference between the time in London and Johannesburg. Over and over again he was tempted to sell out, only at the moment of decision to draw back. The cable would send the shares from four to six—perhaps to ten; he would keep on the safe side, and sell at six.

His anxiety ended on his return to the broker.

"There's a cable for you in Mr. Stanton's room," said a clerk, hurriedly. Stebbing passed through the outer office, and tore the envelope across with a catch of the breath. The words on the pink paper danced before his eyes. With an effort he controlled himself, and read as follows:

"Gold petered out, a pocket only." The wire was signed in the engineer's name.

An oath broke from the Jew's lips. His face was ashen, he breathed heavily.

(*Continued on page 681.*)

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These Prizes are offered by the Proprietors of VITALOIDS, the world-famed Nerve Tonic, for the best lines sent in to complete the Limerick printed below.

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This is not a book for the libra shelf. It is a book to be read, can be read by the young as well the old. It will serve as a fund information for the former and source of inspiration to the latt For every careful, thrifty man woman it is one of the books that essential. One's education is complete without having read thrilling and fascinating pages. T subject of money-making by mode methods is fully explained, considering the invaluable nature the information imparted, it is do in such a masterly manner th your interest is at its highest pit from beginning to end.

Over one hundred thous copies of this publication ha already been distributed, and tho who have read it through have se for copies for their friends.

This book, that no one can re without benefit, will, for a limit period only, be sent free to a inquirers.

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THE HOUSE OF RIMMON. *Continued from page 673.*

Continued from page 673.

"The scoundrel's sold me!" he cried, in a hoarse scream; "sold me to Blythe."

The next minute caution and control returned. He must act quickly and decisively. Stanton must be instructed to sell at once, quietly and with caution, so that the market might not be upset, but with dispatch.

But when, in response to the Jew's summons, the broker hurried from the House, he shook his head at the Jew's instructions. His voice, well under control, though his face was twitching, Stebbing told him to sell at best.

"You're caught, I'm afraid," the broker answered. "I doubt if you'll get out in time. Listen!"

From the steps of the Stock Exchange came the strident voice of a jobber, loud, insistent as the voice of doom:

"I sell Pratolungas at three!"

"The rout's commenced," said Stanton. "The bottom's knocked out of the market."

"Who is the jobber?" Stebbing asked, pointing to the figure with a trembling hand.

"Williams. He deals for Hartley and Co."

Stebbing crushed back an oath.

"They're Blythe's brokers," he gasped. "Blythe's brokers. He's done me at the finish," and he fell back, gasping.

The crowd surged round him. The fight, but just begun, was going briskly. All day long the warfare raged; now the shares went down a point; now, by the exertions of Stebbing and his allies, they were forced up. By two o'clock, however, the issue was decided. Pratolungas fell to par. It was noised abroad that several firms had received a cable from Johannesburg to the effect that the mine was going to slump. The Jew made a good fight. He held on to his shares once the tide had turned in the desperate hope that he might force the market up. But his tactics were useless, his struggles vain. He was hopelessly outmanœuvred, crushingly defeated.

He left the city a ruined man. He had realised all his securities, disposed of his business, and, with the instinct of a gambler, risked every penny on the deal. The result of the speculation sent him back from where he'd come—to the bottom of the ladder, to the gutter of the street. He was the possessor of three hundred thousand shares, worth as many shillings, and a house and furniture in Clapham.

He went back to that same house, his brain on fire, body and soul convulsed with a fierce hate. He was convinced that Blythe had engineered his defeat. The baronet's agents had nobbled the engineer and bought the lying cablegram. Well, he was going to settle accounts once and for all with Blythe. That very night Raikes and his accomplice would wipe off old scores with the treacherous hound who had betrayed him.

One thing, however, puzzled him. How had Blythe learned he was at the back of the Pratolungas? The business had been kept very secret. His name had not appeared on the prospectus. He decided that Lord Fordham had chattered to Sir Douglas, and the Jew reviled him for a parrot fool.

He passed a restless, troubled night. His brain, worn with excitement, craved rest; but sleep was denied him. He flung himself on the bed, tearing at the clothes in an agony of futile longing. When would the morning dawn—the morning that should bring him news that Blythe was lying cold and dead?

They were to come to him, the messengers of death, in the early morning. He had the money and notes, the fee for their work, in a canvas bag—a matter of two thousand pounds. It was of moment to him, in his impoverished condition, but he would have parted with his last sixpence with enthusiasm in payment for Blythe's death.

Would the dawn never come? The waiting of the morning was repeated with an agony ten-fold more great. Revenge, the strongest of all passions, clamoured for satisfaction. He struck at the furniture with a blind, insensate fury, cheating himself into belief he struck at Blythe.

Stupor fell at last upon him, exhaustion overcame his limbs. He lay like a log in the chair by the window. And as he slept the dawn came up over the gardens, tinging the sky with a faint opalescent hue, whispering a message of hope renewed to a waking world.

He woke with a great start. The hum of traffic in the streets had grown to a steady roar. What was that? Above the rolling of the wheels, the clatter of horses' hoofs, above the sighing of the wind in the elms and the whispering in the branches, sounded a raucous cry, pregnant with tragic possibility, vibrant with horror. Like the prophet of old, the newsboy stalks throughout the city, crying death and desolation to the people.

"Speschul edition! Paper! Shocking accident on the river!"

The voice came nearer. Stebbing's whole being was immersed in an agony of anticipation.

"'Orrible death on the Thames! Paper."

He was downstairs, past his astonished and respectable housekeeper, and out on the doorstep, shouting "Paper!" in a flash.

He laughed long and loudly as, with the instinct of secrecy, he took the printed sheet into his sanctum, locking the door.

"Vengeance is mine!" The fine, old, sonorous words burst from him unawares.

He opened the sheet, the flaming headlines caught his breath. He gloated over them, rolling the delights of realisation on his mental palate.

Shocking Accident on the River.

What's this? Two deaths instead of one. Raikes or his partner? The Jew was moved to regret. His eyes skimmed the lines, his brain, labouring heavily, toiled after.

Something was wrong, very wrong indeed. The newspaper reporters were shamefully careless.

"Two men drowned just below Henley. Sir Douglas Blythe interviewed as to the accident."

How could a dead man be interviewed?

Stebbing's eyes blinked nervously.

He poured out a stiff dose of brandy. His hand shook like the hand of an old man. The pulses of his brain hammered against his skull with sickening force. He drank the stimulant and flogged his reeling faculties.

Blythe was alive, his would-be murderers were dead. Drowned men; they had met the fate they had reserved for their victim. The Jew did not absorb the details. The story Sir Douglas told shot past him like an arrow wide of the mark. One fact, and one alone, gripped his brain.

His enemy was living; his enemy had triumphed, and he—he—— The Jew shook in every limb, gnashing his teeth.

Sir Douglas had triumphed. Under the canopy of heaven on the coal reaches of the Thames had been fought out a fight for life. Raikes and his partner had set upon him in a backwater. Blythe had upset their craft and beat their hands from off his boat. A laugh on his lips, he had watched them drown.

"The fools!" that was his comment; "why didn't they learn to swim?"

He had shouted for help when convinced they were past restoration, and, with assistance, had lifted the dead bodies on board.

But of this the Jew took little heed. He sat staring before him with wide, vacant eyes. His money gone, his vengeance wasted from him—what was there left?

There came a sudden and peremptory ring at the hall door. A minute later there came into the presence of the Jew, with every evidence of haste, Conrad Le Patrol!

The Jew rose heavily to meet him. What had he come to say?

(Another long instalment next week.)

BIGGEST SALARY IN THE WORLD.

THE actual salary to be paid to Mr. A. Chester Beatty, who has just been appointed engineer-in-chief of the Guggenheim Exploration Company, has not yet been made public. It is an open secret, however, that his predecessor, Mr. John Hay Hammond, of Jameson raid fame, received, for a time at all events, £160,000 a year.

This is, of course, magnificent remuneration, especially when viewed from the standpoint of the thirty-shilling-a-week clerk. But it is not a record. For Mr. Charles M. Schwab, while acting as president to the great billion-dollar American Steel Trust, drew £200,000 a year, or, say, £600 per diem for each working day.

Compared with such colossal earnings as these, Harry Lauder's £600 a week does not seem immense. Yet most of us, doubtless, would try our best not to be dissatisfied with it.

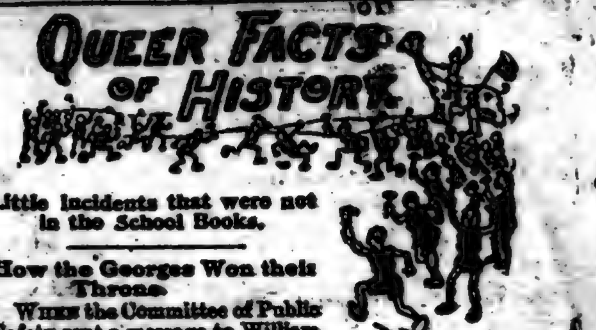
Not, however, that it is by any means a certainty we should succeed, startling though such a statement may sound. Nobody is ever fully satisfied with his earnings for long together. Kubelik, for instance, has left it on record that, while he was being paid for his fiddling at the rate of half-a-guinea a note, he was always thinking to himself it ought to be a guinea. Paderewski, too, although he earned at the zenith of his career as a pianist as much as £3 15s. a minute, thought he was being hardly dealt by, and said so.

In the same way, Sarah Bernhardt once "struck" against what she characterised as the "paltry payment" of £80 an hour.

Even the Mr. Schwab mentioned above, thought so little of his £600 a day "job" that he absented himself without leave—and lost it.

MEMORANDUM

Turn a page down
in your mind for
General Baden Powell's
new paper
"The Scout"
It will be out shortly—
the best thing in boys' papers.
Stirring stories, Vivid
pictures, Special articles.
Not Ready April 14th. Order now
One Penny Weekly



Little incidents that were not in the School Books.

How the Georges Won their Throne.

WHEN the Committee of Public Safety sent a message to William of Orange, inviting him to come over to England and be our King, the British House of Commons, which held an emergency meeting to straighten things up a bit, had first to consider in which direction the succession should go, if William had no children.

They decided in favour of the House of Brunswick, who represented through the Electress Sophia of Hanover, the nearest Stuart blood.

The first George proved himself a tartar, indeed. He might have been a bit humbler if he had taken the trouble to learn English, and to inquire by what preponderance of votes he came to be king. It is recorded that the voting was even, and that at the last moment Sir Arthur Owen, Bart., of Orielton, who had ridden post-haste from his seat in Wales, arrived at the House of Commons at the exact moment when the numbers had been declared.

The tellers found him in the Lobby, dragged him, muddy boots and all, into the House, where he recorded his vote in favour of the Brunswick House.

Religious History Changed by a Thunderstorm.

In the great march of events which led up to the Reformation, a little incident in Martin Luther's career, little, that is, when we consider what a profound effect his adoption of the monk's cowl was to have upon the world, may be said to have been the prelude of those universal religious changes with which his name is immortalised.

Luther's father worked in a forge at Mansfield. He sent his boy to Erfurt to study law, for Martin was to have been a lawyer. Everything was going well, the lad had taken his bachelor's degree in 1502, when one afternoon a violent thunderstorm broke over the district.

Luther had a favourite college friend to whom he was passionately attached. This unfortunate scholar was caught in the open and struck dead by lightning.

The tragic death of his dear friend so wrought on Luther's sensitive nature that, in spite of father and family, he resolved to give up all his prospects and become a monk.

National Records Destroy the Houses of Parliament.

In the earliest times the public accounts were kept by means of tallies, small faggots of wood which were notched with various sized notches for the various sums they represented, and then inscribed with the name of the lender and split down the centre. The king's treasury officers kept one half, and the borrower or lender the other half of the tally.

In this way the Exchequer was protected from fraudulent claims, and any tampering with the notches was at once obvious. In 1834 this ancient mode of reckoning was abolished, and on October 16th the cellars and closets of the House of Lords, brimful of tally sticks, were cleared, and it was decided to burn their contents on the premises.

The stoves of the House of Lords were requisitioned, and through the overheating of these by the immense masses of faggots the woodwork caught, and before the next morning the Houses of Parliament were entirely gutted.

Friday, America's Lucky Day.

Friday has ever been regarded as a day of ill-luck, yet Americans have reason to dispute the superstition.

On Friday, August 21st, 1492, Columbus sailed on his voyage of discovery.

On Friday, October 12th, he discovered land.

On Friday, January 3rd, 1493, he started to return to Spain, by safely completing which voyage he insured the colonisation of the New World.

On Friday, November 22nd, 1493, he arrived at Hispaniola, in his second voyage to America.

On Friday, June 13th, 1494, he discovered the mainland.

On Friday, March 5th, 1496, Henry VII. gave John Cabot his commission, which led to the discovery of North America.

On Friday, September 7th, 1565, Melendez founded St. Augustine, the oldest by forty years of North American cities.

On Friday, November 10th, 1620, the *Mayflower* reached America, and on Friday, December 22nd, the Pilgrim Fathers finally landed at Plymouth Rock.

Washington was born on a Friday.

America was saved from Arnold's treason on a Friday.

The capitulation at Yorktown on a Friday practically gave victory to the revolting colonies, and on a Friday the Declaration of Independence was agreed to by the Congress.

THINGS A WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL. . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Lemon Dumplings

Are delicious if made from this recipe: Take half a pound of breadcrumbs, a quarter of a pound of flour, half a pound of suet chopped fine, two ounces of sugar, the juice and half the grated rind of a lemon, and two eggs. Mix into eight dumplings, tie in cloths, drop into fast-boiling water, and cook for an hour.

Pickled Sprats

Is a dish that most people may have, for the fish is both plentiful and cheap. Take some sprats, clean and dry them, and lay in a jar or deep pie-dish. Pour over them a pickle made of one part of vinegar and two parts of water, add a few peppercorns and a bay-leaf or two. Bake in a moderate oven. Remove the fish from the pickle, and serve cold for breakfast.

Prune Pudding.

Chop finely two ounces of suet, add to it six ounces of flour, two ounces of citron peel, half a pound of prunes, stoned and chopped. Mix with a gill of milk, in which is dissolved a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda. Pour into a greased mould, which should only be two-thirds full. Tie over with greased paper, and steam three or four hours. Serve with a good, sweet sauce.

Try Cold Water Coffee.

For in its preparation it cannot be spoilt, as other coffee is, by the water not being quite boiling. Allow one large tablespoonful of ground coffee for each cup and one extra for the pot, if strong coffee is required. Put the coffee in a lined saucepan and pour on it the required amount of cold water. Let this boil up once, then pour a cupful of cold water suddenly into it, and the liquor should be beautifully clear.

To Cook Cod's Roe.

Choose one with the skin unbroken, not too large, as the smaller ones are more delicate in flavour. Tie this up in a cloth, and put it in boiling water with a little salt and the juice of half a lemon. Boil for twenty minutes, then put aside for two hours. Next cut into slices about half an inch thick, flour thickly, brush over with egg, dip into breadcrumbs, and fry in deep fat to a golden colour. Drain and serve with brown bread and butter and slices of lemon. (*Reply to* MADGE.)

Pigs' Feet

Are most nourishing, and if cooked in this way very tasty. Buy the feet already pickled, wash them, and stew them slowly in water with a carrot, celery, onion, a turnip, and bay-leaf. Let these simmer slowly for four hours. When tender, drain off the liquor, slip out the large bones, and when cold press the meat into shape with the hand. Leave till cold, season with pepper and salt, dip each into egg, then into breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown. These should be served with mashed potato and a good rich gravy.

Milk Biscuits.

Put one gill of milk and one ounce of butter into a saucepan to warm; put half a pound of flour into a basin with a teaspoonful of baking powder. Directly the milk is hot, pour it into the flour and stir it carefully into a smooth paste. Flour a board, turn the paste out on to it, and roll out as thin as possible. Take a tumbler, flour it round the edge, and cut the paste into rounds with it; grease a tin and place the biscuits on it; put in the oven for twenty minutes. When done, place on a sieve to cool, before storing for use.

If You Brew Beer From This Recipe

I feel sure that you will be pleased with the results. You will notice that no sugar is used in the process, which seems to astonish some people. For fifteen gallons of ale, boil about twenty-one gallons of water, and when you can see your face reflected in it, put in one bushel of malt. Let the infusion stand for about three hours, then draw off the water and boil it slowly for rather over one and a quarter hours with one pound of good hops. When the beer has cooled to about eighty-five degrees, work it with yeast and let it stand for two days. Place the beer in a barrel, but do not put the bung in till the beer has done working. A second lot of boiling water may be added to the malt if you wish a second quantity of beer. (*Reply to* RUTHERFORD.)

A GIRL'S NEED OF COURAGE.

A BOY learns as soon as he is in knickerbockers that he is to be a brave man some day and must not cry. The ideal is held before him constantly.

No one tells the little girl not to cry when she is hurt. Courage is taught the boy at every step. The girl has to learn her own lesson later when it is harder and then without aid.

What every working woman wishes for herself is courage.

Courage to look upward and beyond the narrow limits of every-day work.

Courage to trust again when trust has been betrayed.

Courage to keep on seeing and believing the good in people, despite every day's experience.

Courage to fight the destroying sense of loneliness and isolation.

Courage to help others, even where it seems to do no good.

Courage—supreme courage—to keep faith with one's self.

Courage to keep one's ideals and to fight for them if necessary.

Courage to face facts and keep on smiling.

Courage to pull one's self together after mistakes and begin again.

Courage to forgive where forgiveness will be called weakness.

Courage, whatever comes, never to whine.

THE BANE OF JEALOUSY.

IT is an open question whether jealous people are most to be pitied or blamed, since, while they cause much useless suffering to others, they almost always suffer still more themselves. It is unendurable gall and bitterness of spirit to the jealous man to know that his *fiancée*, still worse his wife, is a general favourite with other men. He actually cannot bear that anyone but himself shall enjoy her society, that any man shall pay her even the ordinary attentions which politeness exacts from all men to all women. Should any other man, married or single, distinguish her with unguarded admiration he is indignant with the man; while the woman whom he professes to love is likely to have an exceedingly bad quarter of an hour or more, usually more.

As a rule, the jealous man vents his ill temper upon the object of his selfish attachment. In his secret soul he knows perfectly well that she is innocent of any offence beyond that of her natural charm, that she has neither sought nor encouraged the attentions to which he takes umbrage, but that does not matter. He is unable to control his vexation, and, since he must pour it forth upon someone, she accordingly suffers.

FOR THE PALE GIRL.

ALTHOUGH cod-liver oil is all very well in its way, yet health is not built up by such things alone, and the pale, delicate girl can do a lot towards making herself robust and "hard as nails" by judicious exercise. Let her listen to the wisdom of Miss Marie Studholme, the popular actress, who writes on "Ju-Jitsu for Health," in the April ROYAL MAGAZINE.

I am now firmly of the opinion that there is no exercise in every way more suitable for women, especially in these hustling, bustling days, when few of us can spare the time to take sufficient outdoor exercise really to benefit the health. In this respect, however, ju-jitsu is unique—it can be "made" either an outdoor or indoor exercise, while ten or fifteen minutes' daily practice will be found ample.

It is, too, quite an erroneous idea to imagine that ju-jitsu tricks are too complicated and too difficult to learn to be really interesting or valuable from the standpoint of health, for I have no hesitation in saying that those who will take my advice and practice some of the holds described in this article will find that the pastime is a most simple and fascinating one, while, providing the exercise is taken regularly, they will surely benefit immensely in health.

Miss Studholme's article is illustrated with photographs of personal demonstrations of Ju-Jitsu, and describes a number of serviceable "locks" and "holds." The April ROYAL is on sale on March 21st, price 4d.

An All Fools' Day Incident.

THE subject of the Jingles verse this week is most appropriate. The contest closes on Wednesday April 1st, and the poet accordingly describes an All-Fools' Day incident. This theme should be popular with everyone, for where is the lady who does not like her little joke at this season of the year. In planning your little surprises for your friends, don't forget the Jingles contest. In fact you will be very foolish if you do, for handsome cash prizes are given away each week. Already £3,940 has been distributed amongst 1,633 competitors.

Below you will find the first five lines of a Jingle. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. The last word of this line should rhyme with the last word of the third line. (See example.) When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to HOME NOTES, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Jingle No. 29" in the top left-hand corner. Closing date, Wednesday, April 1st.

EXAMPLE.

Jack and Jill
Walked up the hill
Until they reached the crown.
Presently all the way,
Per, and to say,
Their car had broken down.

The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co.," and the number must be written in the space provided. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt, the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form.

The prizes will be awarded under the conditions published in this week's HOME NOTES, in which paper the result will appear.

ENTRY FORM. JINGLE No. 29.

"The grocer's man,"
Said Mary Ann,
"An April fool shall be."
She made a dart
To stop his cart

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Home Notes," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed in this week's "Home Notes."

Name .....

Address .....

.....

No. of P.O. .....

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Always Fillet your Fish

And truss your fowls at home, or you lose the trimmings, and giblets, which are so useful in stock making.

Your Lobby Tiles

Should first be washed in the ordinary way, and, when dry, wiped over with a little skim milk (or milk and water). This gives a nice gloss to the tiles with which you will be delighted. (*Reply to* JANET.)

Paste for Wall Papers.

This will be found very useful in spring cleaning. Moisten some starch with cold water till of the consistency of paste, then pour on boiling water till it is quite smooth. Let it boil once, and just before removing from the fire add a small quantity of powdered glue.

Never Thicken Gravy

While it is boiling. Draw the pan containing the gravy away from the fire, and mix the thickening in slowly, stirring it till all lumps have disappeared. Stir while all boils up, and cook a few moments, and it is ready to serve. (*Reply to* SAM HOBBS.)

Wooden Spoons and Chopping Boards

Should be well scrubbed with bath-brick or sand in preference to soap. This treatment whitens the wood and makes it smooth. If the wood has been stained with grease, it should be washed in soda water before it is scoured with sand. (*Reply to* ELVIRA.)

Liquid Glue.

Eight ounces of best white glue, two ounces of white lead dry, one pint of rain water, two ounces of alcohol. Stir continually so as to dissolve the glue and lead in the water. The jar in which this compound is mixed should be stood in hot water. Add the alcohol, continue the heat for a few minutes. Pour into bottles while it is still hot, and label "poison." (*Reply to* PATIENCE.)

Patent Leather Boots

When new should be slightly warmed before a fire before they are put on. This will soften the leather and prevent its cracking, as will also rubbing with salad oil after wearing the first few times. Nothing is more expensive to wear than cheap patent leather; it cracks and looks shabby at once. Buy it good, and it will last longer than almost any kind, and will look well to the end.

To Cure Damp Walls.

Make a varnish of one part of shellac to two parts of naphtha and cover the damp part thoroughly with it. The varnish has a disagreeable smell, but it soon wears off, and the wall is covered with a coating perfectly impervious to damp. The wall paper can be applied in the usual way when once the varnish is dry. Some people paper in the first instance with brown paper as a lining, and I have known it to be very successful. (*Reply to* MR. GREEN.)

White Enamel Furniture

Will clean perfectly, and only needs care. Rub all very dirty marks with a flannel dipped in methylated spirits, and wipe dry. Next wash the furniture with soap and warm water. Do not use soda or any kind of scouring soap. Dry carefully, and then rub with a flannel dipped in whiting and polish with a leather. If you follow this, your furniture will look as good as new, and need no longer distress you. (*Reply to* HOUSECLEANER.)

Washing Blankets.

March winds are very good for drying blankets, so housekeepers would do well to begin examining theirs to see which need washing. Choose a nice, blowy, sunny day, and the blankets will soon be dry and sweet and ready to use again. Shred half a bar of best yellow soap, boil it in two quarts of water. Pour this into a washing tub of lukewarm water, adding a tablespoonful of liquid ammonia for every gallon of water. Rub the blankets well in the lather, and when clean rinse in tepid water. Wring, and hang out to dry.

The Evils of Heating Shoes.

During the cold weather boots and shoes are often heated to such a degree that they smell as if burning. The heat is very injurious to the leather, and renders it liable to split and crack till the boots are ruined. Leather made very hot is deprived of its vitality, and will need grease applied to it at once to prevent its being ruined.

Isobel

Both for quantity and quality PEARSON'S EASY DICTIONARY, price 3s. 6d., challenges the literary world.

A NURSE IN AGONY

BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, AND LIVER DISEASE CURED. WONDERFUL TRIUMPH FOR CHAS. FORDE'S BILE BEANS.

Mrs. Agnes Watmore's words in praise of Chas. Forde's Bile Beans have all the authority of a nurse who gained her valuable professional training in the great London Hospitals. They are words that come from her heart, because the terrible experience described is a page out of her own life, and she only recounts the story for the benefit of thousands who may not yet know of the immense value of Chas. Forde's Bile Beans in liver and kidney disorders.

"For some years," says Mrs. Watmore, Certificated Midwife, of Bradley, Micheldever, Hants, "I suffered from biliousness and jaundice. My finger nails were nearly black, my skin was yellow, and everything I looked at was yellow. I could take no nourishment, and naturally went very thin and weak. I practically kept myself alive on water, with a little bread. When I had an egg with a cup of tea the result was dreadful. *Pains started at my chest, and spread about my body generally, going* downwards across my stomach and round my right side. Then I would reach in pain. I would be in pain so long as a month at a spell.

"One of the torments I had to go through was that the medicines given me by the doctors were so disagreeable that they made me sick. I persevered with private doctors and the hospital treatment for a couple of years, being for a time also under the treatment of a specialist at Portsmouth, but all to no purpose. Once while I lay in bed exhausted with pain my husband persuaded me to try a course of Charles Forde's Bile Beans. The effect was beyond all my expectations. There was trouble in *both the liver and the kidneys*, but Chas. Forde's Bile Beans quickly restored the cause of this and in due time restored me to perfect health.

"I have now been thoroughly well for five years. Since then I have not hesitated to use Chas. Forde's Bile Beans for my patients. I have found them more valuable than any other medicine that I ever used in my practice, either in the country here, or when I was engaged in the great London Hospitals where I had my professional training."

FREE Medical Advice. Our fully-qualified medical staff are at your service, free of charge, to answer any question you may wish to put to them about your own or your children's ailments. State frankly and clearly what you wish to know, and a reply will be sent you under cover by return of post. Address your letter to the Bile Bean Co., Greek St., Leeds, and mark the envelope "Advice."

Chas. FORDE'S BILE BEANS

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Pearson's Weekly. April 2/08.

IN DANGER

the LIFEBUOY has served many in good stead. In calm or storm it is ready, aye ready. In health or sickness LIFEBUOY Soap has a useful purpose to serve. It bears the name "Lifebuoy," for it saves from disease and

Makes Health Infectious.

CLEANS AND DISINFECTS AT THE SAME TIME.

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THE NAME LEVER ON SOAP IS A GUARANTEE OF PURITY AND EXCELLENCE.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

SAVES LIFE

"Find the Kaiser!"

By the time this copy of *P.W.* is in your hands the whole country will be flooded with a remarkable announcement to the effect that £100 reward is offered for the discovery of the German Emperor. Can you find him? One piece appears on the first page of this issue. The complete set of pieces you can obtain for a penny at any newsagent's or bookstall. You have to cut out the black pieces from the card on which they appear, and piece them together in such a way that all of them, placed in the correct position, produce an outline of the Kaiser. This seems a ridiculously easy way of making £100—but is it? To you the solution may come at once. On the other hand, it may take you several hours of steady thought. In fact, you may not be able to discover it at all. That is the charm of this puzzle. It is one of the simplest, yet one of the most subtle, brain-ticklers ever devised. As the reward remains open only for four weeks, you should get the Kaiser Puzzle to-day and test your skill.

Dumb-Bells v. Drugs.

With reference to a recent paragraph, in which I recommended a correspondent who complained of feeling tired in the morning to try a spell with the dumb-bells instead of flying to drugs, I have had an enthusiastic letter from Muscle in support of my views. Muscle describes himself as "a physical culture enthusiast." "I once suffered from that same 'tired feeling,'" he writes "but now it is a thing of the past. The finest way to induce restful sleep at night is ten or fifteen minutes with the bells, and then a massage with the hands. Also, if Tired sleeps with his mouth open, let him use a bandage around the chin and head. It is a well-known fact that persons sleep better who breathe naturally. After the morning exercises, I most strongly recommend a cold sponge and a vigorous rub down with a towel. One is then not only ready for breakfast, but fit for anything. Physical culture will in a sort time be immensely popular, and I trust it will regenerate the race."——While fully endorsing Muscle's enthusiastic advocacy of both the dumb-bell and the towel as aids to health, I should like to throw in just a word of caution. Anyone who has not been in the habit of using dumb-bells, and suddenly takes to them, should be careful not to overdo it at first. Recent converts are generally the most energetic, and it is very easy to strain oneself when unused to much exertion. Gentle and regular exercises are what are wanted—not ten minutes' imitation of a steam-engine once a week, and an injured heart to finish up with.

Seeing Stars.

"Some time ago," writes W. W., "I heard that, if one went down a well at mid-day and looked up, one could see the stars. I spoke to some of my friends about it, but they would not believe it. Perhaps you will let me know your opinion."——Certainly I will, W. W. My opinion is that, provided you go down quick enough and land on your head, you are bound to see stars—any amount of 'em. If you go down more slowly, say, with the aid of a rope and a bucket, and then look up, you will also obtain a good view of various constellations. This is due to the fact that at the bottom of a well the eye is better able to regulate and decrease the admission of rays of light. A gentleman of the name of Saussure, who is considered something of an authority in these matters, states that, provided the observer is entirely in the shade, with a thick shade above his head, he can see stars in broad daylight on the top of Mont Blanc at an elevation of nearly 18,000 feet. You see, it is the shade that does the trick. I must admit that I have never been down a well to try the experiment for myself, as all my life I have been a firm believer in the motto: "Let well alone." That it is a fact, however, is beyond doubt, for those that have attempted it have assured us that the stars were visible all right, and truth, as we know, may always be found at the bottom of a well.

Salutation Before Sausage.

"In a recent issue of your paper," writes Scot, "there appeared an article on Baden-Powell's scheme for boys. This, I take it, is to stir up patriotism in the younger generation, and is, therefore, worthy of every encouragement. The example of an alien in this country which recently came under my notice struck me as being particularly happy. He possessed a miniature flag-pole fixed to a wooden stand, complete with halyards, and requested his landlady to place this on the breakfast-table with the flag at the peak. Before touching food, he gravely saluted the emblem, and doubtless flashed a thought to his native land. A very graceful tribute, and quite worthy of emulation."——I agree with you, Scot. I consider a man who feels patriotic enough at half-past eight in the morning to delay falling upon his sausage until he has saluted his national flag deserving of all honour. He reminds me of the man who stood up all the time he was in his bath because there was a German band outside playing, "God Save the King." Joking apart, however, I think it is a thousand times better to carry patriotism to excess than to under-rate or belittle it in any way. B.-P.'s scheme is a splendid one, and should obtain the enthusiastic support of everyone who is fond of his country. There is nothing quite so contemptible in the world as a man who, while he is too lazy and selfish to assist in defending his native land, indulges in sneers and feeble satire at the expense of those who do. If you know anyone in this category, you might send him along this paragraph.

Why Whiff Worries.

"For some time past," writes Whiff, "I have had a little matter troubling me, and I should like to put it before you, in order to know how best to act. During the summer months of the year my time for arriving at business is earlier than in the winter, and every morning I visit my tobacconist before proceeding to the office. Now, in the summer the actual owner of the shop has to be away for a few hours on business errands; consequently, he leaves his brother in charge of the shop. The latter, knowing me to be a daily customer, very often offers me a cigarette, over and above the ones I have already purchased, meaning, no doubt, to act generously towards a good patron. But, in the winter, the real owner, who is then present, never indulges in this liberality, which makes me feel certain that he is unaware of the fact that his brother does. Should I acquaint the one brother of the other's generosity, or remain silent?"——If you will forgive my mentioning the fact, Whiff, you seem to be suffering from a slightly inflamed conscience. There is a point at which scrupulousness passes into the region of monomania. If the owner of the shop is sufficiently satisfied with his brother's business methods to leave him in charge, I cannot see that it is any affair of yours whether the latter chooses to give away an occasional cigarette or not. Should the acceptance of his proffered present prevent you from sleeping at nights, you can always refuse it.

The Story of My Life

By

HALL CAINE.

Speaking recently to the Editor of "M. A. P.," Mr. Hall Caine said, "I know that the time must come when the story of my life will be taken, and dissected, and analysed by someone who will not know so much about it as I know myself. So I am going to write about myself in my own way." And, considering the fact that very few people know anything whatever about the great novelist's early career when he was a schoolmaster and lecturer and architect, the story will be looked forward to with the keenest of interest. Mr. Hall Caine starts his life story in "M. A. P." early in April.

Dr. Dodd.

"Is it really correct," inquires J. B., "that the writer of 'Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare' was hanged, as was mentioned in one of Mr. Donovan's articles recently?"——Of course it is, J. B. Have you forgotten the immortal motto: "If you see it in *P.W.*, it is so"? The unfortunate clergyman in question, who was a most eloquent and popular preacher, met with his abrupt end on July 27th, 1777. He was a Cambridge man, and after he took orders was appointed chaplain of the Magdalen Hospital, where his sermons soon attracted all the fashionable ladies of London. In 1763 he was made one of the King's chaplains, and tutor to a nephew of Lord Chesterfield. Unfortunately, he was an extremely extravagant man, and, notwithstanding a handsome income, was soon deep in debt. He purchased Charlotte Chapel, in Pimlico, where he was as successful and popular as ever; but an anonymous letter, which his wife wrote to the wife of the Lord Chancellor, offering a large sum for the rich living of St. George's, Hanover Square, led to the name of Dr. Dodd being struck off the list of chaplains. The doctor left England for a time, and, on his return, Lord Chesterfield presented him with the living of Wing, in Buckinghamshire. Here he sank still further into debt, eventually ending by forging his patron's name to a bond for £4,200. The crime was discovered, and Dr. Dodd was at once arrested. He immediately refunded the greater part of the money; but, in spite of this, he was tried and condemned to death. Great efforts were made to have the sentence commuted, the famous Dr. Johnson especially interesting himself in the case, and placing his pen at the service of the unhappy clergyman. The King refused to be softened, however, and Dr. Dodd was duly hanged. This savage sentence on a man who, despite his faults, had accomplished a great deal of good work, will always remain a blot on the memory of George III. and his advisers.

For Ladies Only.

A short time ago I offered a pair of scissors to each of the twenty-five ladies who sent me in the best imaginary letter proposing for a gentleman's hand. I have been spending a most interesting afternoon looking over the various attempts, and I must admit that there is a wonderful amount of talent for this sort of literature running to waste amongst the fair sex. I am quite sure that in my younger and more impressionable days I should have succumbed to at least nine out of every ten sent in. Here is a delightful little effort from Ethel, which I have picked out to serve as a model for any ladies who may be thinking of taking advantage of the Leap Year privilege: Dear Algy,—As we have been real chums a long time, I venture to send you a small present—some silk socks. I wonder if, when wearing them, you will feel a hundredth part of the pleasure I have felt in making them. Now, a horrid thought continually haunts me, that perhaps some day another girl may have the *right* and *privilege* to make and mend your socks. How I should envy and hate her! To-day being February 29th, I dare not imagine what you will think of this letter and of your affectionate Ethel.

The following are the names and addresses of the twenty-five successful competitors:

Mrs. Yirrell, 210 Ferndale Road, Brixton, S.W.; Miss M. Stanley, 70 Addison Street, Nottingham; Miss Doris Howard, Mayville, College Road, Cheltenham; Miss Maggie Thompson, 37 Rectory Place, Bensham, Gateshead; Miss R. Wright, 112 Grandison Road, Battersea; Miss W. Home, 7 St. Bartholomew's Road, Reading; Miss Mary McCormick, 40 Crownpoint Road, Glasgow; Mrs Steel, 20 Albert Palace Mans, Battersea Park, S.W.; Mrs Kathleen Eden, Clovelly, Ferndale Road, Leytonstone, N.E.; Mrs Cameron, Mount Satterland, Nitshill; "Dora," care of 92 Clapham Road, Lowestoft; Mrs A. I. Curwen, 20 Ros Island, Barrow-in-Furness; Miss M. A. Mitchell, 220 Uttoxeter New Road, Derby; Miss B. Lloyd, Compton House, Acocks Green, Birmingham; Miss Eva Perrot, 62 St. John's Road, Jersey; Miss Lizzie McElroy, 90 Middleton Street, Irvine; Miss Alice Irwin, 234 King's Terrace, Cudworth, Yorks; Miss F. E. Cone, 51 Grayling Road, Stoke Newington, N.; Miss Aron, 13 Berkeley Road, Mount Zion, Tunbridge Wells; Miss E. E. Peters, 63 Bush Street, Pembroke Dock, South Wales; Mrs F. W. Spring, 15 North Avenue, Polsloe Road, Exeter; Miss A. B. Russell, Dunmore, Broughshane Road, Ballymena, Ireland; Miss B. Joyce, Fitzroy Villa, Flitwick, Bedford; Mrs. F. Seaward, 82 St. Margaret's Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk; Miss Barnes, 77 Harold Road, Leytonstone.

Fresh Air Fund Figures.

The following contributions to the Fresh Air Fund have come to hand since the last list was published:

F. J. Field, 9d.; Worried, 10s.; 5 per cent. Limerick Consol, 1s.; Mrs. A. Mosenthal, 3s. 10d.; Miss Baxter, 10s.; B. Dodge, East London, 3s. 6d.; Never Mind, 2s.; G. A. F., 9d.; Tod Chant, £2; per A. W., 6d.; M. B. J., 3s.; Mrs. Canelle, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 3s.; H. P. B., Miss L. B. Square, 4s.; Anon., 6s.; Tiddie and Gillie, 2s.; "Poem," 2s. 3d.; Mrs. B. Reynolds, 2s. 6d.; W. D'Harty, £1 1s.; "Pormonia," £2; W. H. M., 5s.; Done it Now, 1s.; Alex., 2s.; T. H. Parnall, 2s. 6d.

Collected: Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Encounter*, 1st Commission, £10; Canteen of H.M.S. *Bacchante*, £7 12s. 5d.; Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Barfleur*, £2; Christmas Day Sports at Battlefields, per B. A. Kennedy, £4; in a box at Dunn's, per A. Fairchild, 1s. 1d.; 2nd Batt. Royal Fusiliers at Trimulgherry, India, £11; Workmen's Club at Aberdare, per H. Evans, £1 1s.; Miss F. B. Harris, 6s.; Ship's Company, S.S. *Langton Grange*, per G. Smith, 13s.; Ship's Company, H.M.S. *Crescent*, per H. Maclean, £10; Canteen H.M.S. *Dwarf*, Old Commission, 4s. 6d.

Printed by Horace Cox, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

My Cure for the "Flu."

. . . By . . .

Some Famous Victims.

LADY TROUBRIDGE.

My cure for the "flu" is very simple and entirely effective. I go to bed the moment I feel the well-known symptoms and I stay there until I feel quite well again. Misplaced courage in attempting to keep about is, I believe, responsible for all the very severe attacks. A friend tells me that she finds ammoniated tincture of quinine taken every four hours a perfect and speedy cure; this remedy is so simple as to be within the reach of everyone.

I wish I knew of some universal panacea which I could impart to your readers, for I fear my remedy is so old-fashioned as to be quite uninteresting in these up-to-date days; but no doubt someone else will write suggesting a flight in an aeroplane as the most effectual cure.

Laura Troubridge

VISCOUNTESS HARBERTON

We have none of us had influenza bad enough to require any special treatment. So I have no particular theory as to its treatment.

F. W. Harberton

The Hon. C. S. ROLLS

(Famed the world over as a motorist).

I have never had the "flu," so cannot speak from experience; but, if I had it, I should adopt a method which has cured people, not only of influenza, but of almost everything else, because it is Nature's own cure!

The method is to stop all unnecessary internal work and waste, by cutting off all the food that is not actually required for the proper repair and sustenance of the body; all surplus food beyond this means the infliction of unnecessary labour on the digestive and other organs, at the expense of the system.

By confining oneself to two light meals a day—well masticated—the human machine, being no longer handicapped in this manner, is then able to confine its whole energy to driving out the disease, which it is far better able to do itself than an outside agency.

Chas. S. Rolls

"FRANK DANBY" (Mrs. FRANCAU)

(Authoress of "A Babe in Bohemia," "Pigs in Clover," "A Coquette in Crape," etc. Her latest book, "The Heart of a Child," has created a great sensation).

Everyone I know has had influenza in their house, one or more cases. Mine has been the one exception, and I attribute it entirely to the fact that I have insisted upon my household smoking *Lucana* cigarettes, a non-advertised specific for this complaint. There is some peculiar property in the tobacco used in these cigarettes.

Personally, I smoke one Lucana cigarette after every meal. My maid has to do the same, and I have given a box into the servants' hall, so that practically the atmosphere, both upstairs and downstairs, is impregnated with Lucana.

As I said before, in a household consisting of seven servants, myself and two children, we have not had one case.

Frank Danby

Mr. H. A. BARKER

(The celebrated bone-setter, of Park Lane).

When I get the "flu"—which is very seldom—I eat oranges all day long—twenty, or even thirty—and find that they cure me in about forty hours.

H. A. Barker

Sir GEORGE BARTLEY, K.C.B.

(Founder of the National Penny Bank).

I had the influenza in 1894 at the same time as Lady Bartley, and we blew it away together by a sea voyage, twice through the Bay of Biscay, to Egypt, and back. Believing that prevention is better than cure, I now advise:

1. Real woollen garments next the skin, all over the body.
2. Plenty of fresh air day and night. Open window, even in London, always at night.
3. Practically no alcohol, but plenty of fresh water, applied internally as well as externally.
4. One hour and a half's vigorous walking exercise every day.

Whether these habits are preventive of the "flu" or not I can't say, but I am thankful to add that I have escaped it for fourteen years, twelve of which years I was a very regular member of the House of Commons, where the disease so much prevails.

I venture, therefore, to suggest these rules to others. As, however, I ask no fee, the advice may be only worth what it costs!

George C. T. Bartley

Miss CLO GRAVES

(The authoress and dramatist).

My remedy is simple but effective. Stay in bed until it goes away. Don't get up on any account until the undertaker comes for you, and then, see that you are firmly screwed down before you leave the house!

Clotilde Graves

Mrs. OSCAR BERINGER.

(The charming actress).

My panacea for influenza is BED.

Aimée Beringer (Mrs. Oscar Beringer)

Mr. MATHESON LANG

(The celebrated actor, who scored such a success in "The Christian").

A hot bath.
A hot toddy.
And an imperative call to rehearsal in the morning.

Matheson Lang

OFFENDERS MAGISTRATES MAY NOT PUNISH.

Mr. Plowden acted wisely in discharging, at Marylebone Police Court the other day, a footman, who, charged with being drunk and disorderly, pleaded privilege on the ground that he was an Ambassador's servant.

Had he convicted him, there is no telling what might have happened. For, as all the world knows, the immunity from arrest enjoyed by an Ambassador extends also to his attendants and servants, from his chief private secretary down to the very humblest menial in the ambassadorial scullery.

Not even for such crimes as murder or treason, can they be legally taken into custody. Their luggage is protected by international law from the prying eyes of Custom House officials and excise officers. They are, of course, exempt from all imperial taxation; and they need not even pay parochial rates, unless it pleases them so to do, a fact which was made abundantly clear in the case of Sir Halliday Macartney, Secretary to the Chinese Legation v. the Vestry of Marylebone, which was threshed out in the Court of Queen's Bench in 1890.

Even the buildings that shelter these privileged diplomatists are sacred. When Sun Yat Sen, the leader of the reform party in China, was decoyed to the Chinese Legation in London in October, 1896, and there imprisoned, the ordinary forms of British law were found to be quite inadequate to secure his release, which was only effected eventually through the personal intercession of Lord Salisbury.

Once, and once only in Britain's history, have these Ambassadorial rights and privileges been violated. And this was so long ago as the year 1653, when Cromwell caused the brother of the Portuguese Ambassador to be seized, together with his servant, and tried for the murder of an English subject. Both were, after trial, executed, "to the infinite anger and amazement of the other foreign Ambassadors then resident in London."

"Poor man!" exclaimed an old lady; "you have no friends!"

"No, madam," replied the beggar; "I used to be a football referee."

Judge: "You are charged with breaking a chair over your wife's head."

Prisoner: "It was an accident, your honour."

Judge: "What! Didn't you intend to hit her?"

Prisoner: "Yes, but I didn't intend to break the chair."

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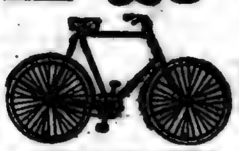

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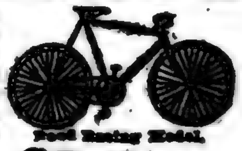
It is not to be confounded with the garret-built contraptions at the imitation "Gamage" price.

We were the pioneers of reasonable prices for cycles——scores of our 1900 machines are running to this day——just as those of to-day will be running 10 years hence.



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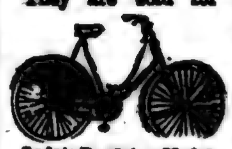

Lady's Roadster Model.

"Gamage"

22, 24, or 26 inch Frames.

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No. 4.—Very handsome Chippendale design Overmantel, [illegible]	1	9	6
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No. 9.—Handsome solid fumigated oak Bedstead, with spring mattress	1	15	0
No. 10.—Very elegant mahogany inlaid Sheraton design Bureau Bookcase, 3ft. wide	3	15	0
No. 11.—Louis XIV. Chippendale design Cabinet, 4ft. wide, 7ft. high, fitted plush-lined show cases, &c.	3	17	6
No. 12.—Luxuriously spring upholstered Chesterfield Settee, covered superior art tapestry	3	3	0
No. 13.—The Stanley Model, a magnificent toned instrument in Chippendale design case	19	19	0
No. 14.—Solid carved oak dwarf Bookcase, 3ft. wide	0	15	6
No. 15.—Very choice solid mahogany inlaid Sheraton design Bedroom Suite	12	15	0
No. 16.—[illegible] design oak Washstand, 3ft. [illegible] wide	3	10	0
No. 17.—Full size, elegant, all brass throughout, Sheraton style Bedstead	4	12	6

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COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

Mr. Button's Boarder.

The Story of a Village Gardener's Brainy Scheme, and what Came of it.

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.

It was a bitterly cold morning, and it was not until his wife had returned three times to the bedroom and addressed him severely upon the evil of slothfulness that Mr. George Button reluctantly arose from his couch.

An extensive vocabulary proving inadequate for the demands upon it during the chilly process of dressing, Mr. Button finished the operation in sullen silence, and hurried downstairs.

A half-cold bloater and a large cup of tea accompanied by slices of bread and butter, which made up in thickness what in elegance they lacked, were ready for him, and without a word Mr. Button drew up a chair to the table and made a fierce onslaught upon the fare provided for him.

He had got half-way through the meal, when he discovered that Mrs. Button was furtively reading a letter. His curiosity caused him to break his sullen silence.

"'Oo's that from?" he demanded shortly.

"From Aunt Polly," said Mrs. Button.

"Oh! The old girl ain't comin' 'ere, is she?"

Mrs. Button, reading the letter for the third time, did not immediately answer the anxious question.

"I said is she comin' 'ere?" repeated Mr. Button aggressively, bringing both fists to the table with a crash that upset a considerable portion of his tea upon the cloth.

"Now, don't go an' lose your temper, George. Aunt Polly ain't comin', but if she was there wouldn't be no call to upset 'arf your tea over a cloth that took me a couple o' hours to get decent. Aunt Polly wants to know if we'll take a boarder."

"Take a boarder!" spluttered Mr. Button. "Take a boarder! I'll——"

When her husband stopped through exhaustion, Mrs. Button hastened to explain.

"A friend of 'ers, Miss Hooper, wants to live somewhere quiet an' cheap in the country. She'll only pay five shillings a week, and Aunt Polly has suggested she should come 'ere. We've got a spare bedroom, you know."

Mr. Button, glancing hastily at the clock, discovered that he was half an hour later than he should have been in setting out for the Vicarage garden.

"Well, she ain't comin'. I won't 'ave no boarders 'ere," he said firmly, as he rose from the table.

"Then you'll offend Aunt Polly," said his wife.

Mr. Button, struggling into his overcoat, was on the point of another explosion, when he checked himself.

His wife had hopes of a comfortable legacy from her widowed aunt. They could not afford to offend her.

"I'll think it over," he grunted. "Don't you take no notice of the letter till I tell you."

Then Mr. Button, frowning heavily, slammed the door and went out into the cold winter's morning.

A mild reproof from the Vicar, who happened to meet him as he entered the garden gate, further upset Mr. Button, and it was not until he had been digging hard for nearly an hour that he reached his normal calm. Then he rested on his fork and commenced to think.

The pert housemaid, passing him as he rested, ventured to point out that meditation was not generally considered part of a jobbing gardener's duties, but Mr. Button did not condescend to take any notice of her remarks.

His face was more cheerful when he went down and banked up the greenhouse furnace, and at twelve o'clock, when he departed home for dinner, he was actually smiling.

"'Ave you written to your aunt?" he demanded of his wife, as he sat down in the large wooden chair with the vivid green cushion that had been placed near the cheery fire.

Mrs. Button regarded him with surprise as she bustled round the dinner table.

"Why, no, George; you said——"

"No matter what I said," broke in Mr. Button hastily. "You write and tell your aunt that we'll 'ave 'er friend 'ere. Say as 'ow the money is very low, but for 'er sake we'll 'ave 'er."

"Why, whatever——"

"There's no need to discuss the question further," said Mr. Button in his best political manner. "Wot I 'ave said, I 'ave said, and there's an end of it."

Mrs. Button was far too wise to argue; she had got what she wanted, and was contented. Mr. Button grew jocular over his dinner, and at one o'clock departed to the Vicarage in the best of tempers.

"It's a great scheme," he confided to himself half-a-dozen times during the afternoon. Certain details of the scheme required thought and elaboration, the consequence being that the Vicar was disappointed at the amount of work done by the gardener that day.

In the winter Mr. Button's hours were short, and he went home soon after four.

"I will kill two birds with one stone," he said as he closed the garden gate behind him, and the phrase seemed to please him, for he muttered "two birds with one stone," over and over again as he wended his way homewards.

"You don't 'appen to 'ave met this 'ere Miss—Miss 'Ooper, 'ave you?" he asked his wife at tea.

Mrs. Button had not.

"I wonder if she's ugly?" muttered Mr. Button, and his wife glanced at him suspiciously.

"Aunt Polly says she's fifty-five," she said sharply.

Whereat Mr. Button laughed.

About seven he departed, as usual, for the "Lion and Lamb." Three men were in the bar-parlour. Mr. Button joined the two who were sitting together, and ordered his usual drink. The third man, a retired greengrocer named Miskin, had two or three evenings ago grossly insulted Mr. Button during a heated political argument, and their relations were strained.

Mr. Button glanced at him as he raised the tankard to his lips.

"I've got a boarder comin' to my place, Bill," he said in loud tones to the man next him. The paper opposite moved slightly.

"Oh!" said his neighbour.

"Yes," continued the gardener loudly; "a woman of property. I 'ear she's got nearly a thousand pounds safely stowed away, an' a income of a pound a week besides."

Mr. Miskin was not reading his paper.

"Funny she should choose your place," said Bill candidly.

"Why?" demanded Mr. Button aggressively.

His neighbour, avoiding his eye, took a long drink.

"Why, because—because you don't look the sort of man who would take boarders," he said at length.

While Mr. Button was carefully considering the reply two more men entered, and Bill hastily related what Mr. Button had just communicated to him.

Mr. Miskin placed his paper on the wooden seat and departed, his indifference being so obviously feigned that the two men who had just entered winked at each other knowingly.

When Mr. Button returned home that night he was chuckling to himself. He had unblushingly stated to the company in the bar-parlour that the wealthy but eccentric lady was to pay him a pound a week for the privilege of residing under his roof.

He so far forgot himself as to kiss his wife.

* * * * *

A few days later Miss Hooper arrived. She was a well-developed woman, but shabbily dressed, to Mr. Button's annoyance. She brought two cats and a parrot with her, and left the gardener to settle the demands of the proprietor of what had once been a landau.

This gentleman demanded six shillings for driving the lady and her belongings from Littledale Station to the village, a distance of a mile and a half. Mr. Button thought a shilling adequate compensation. Ultimately, after much argument, the compromise of three shillings was agreed upon, Mr. Button casting grave imputations upon the honesty of the driver's ancestors for the last six generations.

When the boarder came down to tea, the gardener casually mentioned the matter, but the lady merely laughed and gave one of the cats about half a pint of milk.

"Three shillings," repeated Mr. Button thoughtfully.

The boarder, placing her bread and butter on the cloth, filled her plate with milk and placed it on the floor for the other cat.

Mr. Button's lips moved frantically.

"It's a lot of money," he resumed, with an effort.

"Poor Polly!" said Miss Hooper, turning to the parrot's cage behind her. "Polly like some sugar?"

Mr. Button, muttering something that fortunately was not distinct, rose from his seat and went out into the scullery, and thence to the garden.

Then in a husky voice he summed up the situation from every point of view so effectually that Jake Rogers, proud of his reputation for being the hardest swearer in the village, after listening to him enviously from the roadway, hurried on, thankful that he had been the only listener.

Having exhausted himself, Mr. Button, feeling in a slightly better frame of mind, went in and got his cap, and then adjourned to the "Lion and Lamb."

The landlady as she handed him his beer said she had noticed the arrival of the boarder and her belongings.

"I always thought you objected to cats, Mr. Button!" she added. "But, there, when she's willing to pay for it—it's——"

Mr. Button remembered himself just in time. He grabbed up his tankard and made hastily for the other end of the little room.

"Pay for it!" he repeated chokingly. "Pay for it——"

The sudden entrance of Mr. Miskin saved him. That gentleman ordered a pint of ale in a subdued manner, and then crossed over the room and sat down near Mr. Button.

The gardener stared up absently at the smoke-begrimed ceiling. Mr. Miskin coughed.

Mr. Button continued to be deeply interested in the ceiling.

"Mr. Button," said the other nervously.

The gardener, bringing his eyes from the ceiling, stared stolidly in front of him.

"I say, Button," continued the retired greengrocer, "it's no use bearing malice. I apologise for anythin' I said that caused offence. 'Ave a drink with me."

"It was strong langwidge you used," said Mr. Button severely. "'A hignorant, meddlin' fool,' them were the words—'a hignorant, meddlin' fool.'"

"Now don't repeat 'em, Button—don't repeat 'em," said Mr. Miskin. "Let me order you a drink."

The gardener's heart was filled with unholy joy. He forgot the episode of the cats and the three shillings. His plot was succeeding more rapidly than he had hoped. He was silent for some time, then he turned to the other. "Well, Miskin, it ain't in my natur' to bear malice," he said magnanimously. "I'll 'ave the drink."

They drank and smoked in silence for some time, and then Mr. Miskin, with several nervous little coughs, approached the subject that was uppermost in his mind.

"I 'ear your new boarder 'as arrived," he said, and then blew out a great cloud of smoke and became absorbed in watching it curl gracefully up to the ceiling.

"Yes," said Mr. Button carelessly.

Mr. Miskin smoked steadily.

"Don't look rich," he blurted out.

"Eccentric," replied Mr. Button, with some pride at having got the right word at the first attempt.

Again Mr. Miskin smoked steadily.

"Funny thing I was only thinkin' this afternoon that I'd never been to see those engravin's you were tellin' me about, Button. You arst me to come into your 'ouse and look at 'em."

"Did I?"

"Yes; about a month ago. Charlie Gibbs was with us, and——"

"Oh, you said you'd buy 'em for a couple of quid, didn't you?"

"No, no," said Mr. Miskin hastily.

Mr. Button drained off his beer and prepared to depart.

"Pity," he said carelessly.

The retired greengrocer swore gently to himself. He saw the gardener's plan, but Mr. Button held the trump hand. It was absolutely necessary he should get into that gentleman's house.

"I might buy 'em for a quid," he said reluctantly.

"Couldn't do it," said the gardener promptly. "A gentleman valued them the other day at thirty-five shillings."

The annoyances of the day must have affected Mr. Button's memory, for the expert from Milchester he had offered them to had declared them to be possibly worth the odd five shillings.

When Mr. Button left the "Lion and Lamb" half an hour later, it was agreed that Mr. Miskin should call in the next morning and purchase the engravings for the sum of two pounds sterling.

That night Button listened to a tale of woe from his wife, who said if it hadn't been for Aunt Polly she would have packed Miss Hooper out that night.

"Don't you worry," said Mr. Button. "You leave it to me."

When he told her Mr. Miskin would come in the next morning, his wife stared at him hard.

The jobbing gardener's left eyelid flickered.

* * * * *

It was a pretty well-known thing in Littledale that Mr. Thomas Miskin, who resided in the little creeper-clad cottage at the foot of the hill near the station, was desirous of taking unto himself a wife. In confidential moods he had once or twice stated that the lady he married must have a little income of her own and be domesticated.

So far in his forty odd years of bachelorhood he had been unable to discover what he required.

Therefore when Mr. Miskin, clad in his Sunday best, was seen to enter the gardener's cottage the next evening, the village gossips had the finest topic of conversation they had enjoyed since the son of the impecunious doctor eloped with the squire's daughter.

When he departed an hour later he carried two unframed engravings under his arm, and Mr. Button was richer by two pounds. He had seen Miss Hooper.

"What is your friend, Mr. Button?" asked that lady after the visitor had departed.

"A retired merchant," said the gardener promptly. "He lives in the little cottage at the bottom of the hill; he's said to be very nicely off."

"You wouldn't think it," was the lady's comment.

"'E's eccentric," explained Mr. Button, falling back on the word in which he took so much pride.

When Mr. Button set off for Mr. Parker's garden the next morning, he found the retired greengrocer waiting about outside.

"Do you think I made a good impression?" he asked anxiously.

"Fair," said Mr. Button non-committally. "Only fair."

Mr. Miskin's face fell.

"Is there——"

"She's fond o' flowers," said Mr. Button. "Big chrysanthemums she likes. She asked me if you grew 'em, an' I said 'Yes.'"

Mr. Miskin started.

"But I don't," he ejaculated.

"I know you don't," replied the gardener easily, "but it weren't any use to say so. You can get some by this evening and take 'er a few to show 'er what you can do; it'd make a good excuse for seein' 'er."

Mr. Miskin was pouring out his gratitude, when the gardener cut him short.

"Six plants will cost you a quid," he said laconically.

Mr. Miskin's mouth closed with a snap, and he drew back, eyeing his friend suspiciously.

"Then it's off," he announced shortly.

Mr. Button carelessly picked up his tools that he had placed on the roadway and slung them over his shoulder.

"Pity," he said. "Well, I must get on; I'm late now."

"Wait a minute, Button," said Mr. Miskin hastily. "Would three plants at ten bob do?"

"It ain't for me to say," replied Mr. Button, "but if I was to tell a lidy I growed chrysanthemums I should like to 'ave at least 'alf-a-dozen plants to show 'er."

Mr. Miskin looked at him doubtfully.

"Couldn't you get 'em cheaper than that?" he asked.

"No," said the gardener decisively. "I shall 'ave to give Mr. Parker at least a quid for 'em, and then I don't suppose 'e'll sell without doin' it as a favour for me. So unless you——"

WE STILL AWARD THE BIGGEST PRIZES.

This Week £50 for each Winning Line. £275 in Consolation Gifts.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 42.

Pearson's Weekly continues to distribute more money each week than any other paper, and also to give bigger prizes. This week the amount available is **£775.** Of this sum **£500** is awarded to the senders of ten lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor as the best and most original, so that **£50** goes to each winning line. The remainder, **£275,** is distributed in Consolation Gifts amongst other competitors, whose efforts show merit, but who do not receive one of the large awards. It is interesting to note that **£73,352** has now been distributed in these contests, and that this sum has been divided by **22,447** readers.

Competitors are reminded of the arrangement by which *The Big Budget* also publishes details of our contests. Those who are unable to obtain another copy of *Pearson's Weekly* may secure an entry form by purchasing the current number of *The Big Budget.*

The unfinished Limerick was as follows:

"When the Spring comes around," murmured Joe,
"Young men's thoughts to love lightly go."
Then a sweet maid he spied,
And stepped up to her side

The last lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor, together with the names and addresses of the senders, are as follows:

Then Pa "stamped his approval"—on Joe.

MISS F. BEARDSWORTH, 94 Granville Road, Blackburn, Lancs.

But he "hugged a delusion"—not Flo.

C. H. POYNTER, 64 Bedford Place, Southampton.

"I must husband my kisses," said Flo.

W. E. LIGHTFOOT, 174 Brook Road, Liverpool.

Then she coo'd, now he finds she can crow.

J. PULL, 40 Wray Crescent, Tollington Park, N.

But she drew to one side—his, you know.

F. MILLER, 4 Crouton Road, Wavertree, Liverpool.

—What he "took off Pa's hands" few can know.

C. F. ROWDEN, Wycar, Bedale, Yorks.

While the bulldog took part—part of Joe.

E. RAY, Carlton Villa, King's Heath, Birmingham.

—"Did she melt?"—"Well, she ran," answered Joe.

MRS. H. HUTSON, 56 Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.

—'Twas his folly cost me a P.O.

MISS J. S. ALLAN, 3 B. Croft, Paisley.

Then she "pulled a long face,"—'twas his, though.

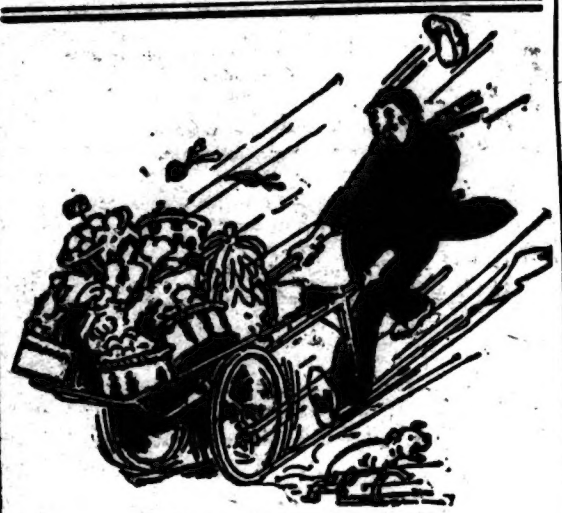
Prize divided by:

E. W. GROVER, 30 Peckham Grove, Camberwell; and A. W. MCKENZIE, "Allotments," Admiralty, S.W.

7 CONSOLATION GIFTS OF £5 EACH.

CARTWRIGHT, H., Disabled Soldiers' Works, 122 Brompton Rd.
FOWLER, C. R., 90 Lewisham Rd., Greenwich.
FREEMAN, G., High Bank, Gorton, Manchester.
KENNEY, H., 86 Chancel St., Liverpool.
PLUMLEY, A., Station Cottages, Brinkworth.
SAYER, R. B., 15 Church Street, Luton, Beds.
SMITH, CORPL. G., Military Foot Police, Bulford Camp.

List of 240 Recipients of £1 Consolation Gifts will be found on Page Three of Cover.



The cart ran away.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST.

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a postal order for sixpence, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly,* Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Coster" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, April 2nd.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co.," and the number should be written in the space provided below. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

All the money received (less ten per cent.) will be divided amongst the senders of the lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize awarded to such a line will be divided equally amongst all competitors who send in that line.

Claims in respect of identical lines in Competition No. 45 must be made on or before Tuesday, April 21st.

The winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN and the EDITOR of "P.W.,"

who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

ENTRY FORM. LIMERICK No. 45.

A smart London coster named Bill
Was guiding his barrow down hill;
But to his dismay
The cart ran away
_____
_____

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly," and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

No. of P.O. .....

"Look 'ere, get 'alf-a-dozen," broke in Mr. Miskin. "'Ere's ten bob; you shall 'ave the rest to-night."

Mr. Button took the money in a condescending manner, and with a grunt went on his way, leaving the other standing lost in thought in the middle of the road.

It was nearly twelve when Mr. Parker strolled down to the greenhouse to see how his gardener was getting on.

"I wanted to see you about these 'mums, sir," said Mr. Button respectfully. "It 'pears to me that they're too crowded—don't get enough light. 'Alf-a-dozen or so taken away would do the others a deal o' good."

"All right, Button," said his easy-going employer carelessly, "take 'em away, then; I don't mind."

"Shall I sell 'em, sir?" asked Mr. Button.

"What would you get?"

"Well, sir, they're worth a tidy bit, but you can't get it down 'ere; there's no market. Perhaps five shillin's."

"Don't bother, then. If you like to take them away and sell them you can."

"Thank you, sir," said Mr. Button gratefully.

When he departed he took away six plants on a barrow. His plot was working just as he had planned it!

That evening Mr. Miskin, acting on the gardener's advice, came in to show him some fine chrysanthemum blooms. Miss Hooper wishing to go to the post-office, he offered to act as escort. The offer was accepted.

A week later Miss Hooper came in somewhat late for tea. The two cats and the parrot were neglected during the meal, and she appeared flurried and nervous.

Mr. Button, who had seen Miskin earlier in the day and been warmly thanked for his assistance in a love romance, drew his own conclusions and smiled.

"Sit down," said the lady sharply, as Mrs. Button rose to clear away the tea things. "I've got something to tell you. I'm going to be married in three weeks."

Mrs. Button nodded her head slowly. Her husband, controlling himself by a great effort, prevented the outburst of laughter.

"I had intended," resumed the lady, sitting primly back in her chair, "to make this my home until I died, and pay you well. The five shillings a week was an idea of Aunt Polly's. She said you were a worthy couple, but she wanted to see if you would receive me as a poor woman, and I agreed. I can't get used to having money."

Mr Button stared at her dazedly.

"You've got money?" he queried in a husky voice.

"Yes," said Miss Hooper simply; "an uncle in Australia left me five thousand pounds. The interest brings me in nearly four pounds a week, but I like living simply. I was going to pay you two pounds a week when I knew you better. But I think Thomas and I will be happy, and there are several charities I'm interested in."

Mrs. Button went round the table and in a low voice congratulated her.

Mr. Button sat very still in his chair. His lips were moving, but no audible words came from them.

AN ISLAND OF MASSACRES.

Five Million People have been Killed in Hayti.

HAYTI, the West Indian island, to which public attention has just recently been directed, has been the scene of more massacres than any other place on earth.

They begin with the coming of Columbus and the rabble rout that followed him. In a few years its three millions of gentle, brown-skinned inhabitants had perished utterly, exterminated by fire and sword, and by forced labour in the mines, to which they were utterly unsuited. In all history is no tragedy more colossal and more pitiful than this one.

Next the buccaneers seized the unhappy island, and wreaked vengeance on the Spaniards in such a manner that even the old chroniclers tell of the worst of the atrocities only in the Latin tongue.

Presently came the French, and for a brief space there was some semblance of peace. But in 1793 the negroes revolted, and murdered practically all the whites, the scenes enacted resembling those that took place at Cawnpore and elsewhere during the Indian mutiny, but magnified a thousandfold.

On account of these atrocities, frightful reprisals took place when France, in due course, reconquered the island. But the negroes bided their time, and presently rose again, under a ruffian named Dessalines.

This time they did the thing thoroughly. Not only were all the Europeans put to death, but all having any admixture of white blood in their veins suffered a like fate. Many of the victims were burned alive, after having been first tortured.

In all, it is computed that five millions of men, women, and children have met with violent deaths on this island of massacres since the intruding white man first set foot on its palm-fringed strand.

The present disturbances centre around the struggle between President Nord Alexis and General Firmin, which has been in full swing ever since the former President, Simon Sam, retired to Paris with as much money as he could lay his hands on.

Both Alexis and Firmin were anxious to step into his shoes, and, as the latter had possession of the only warship, the *Crête-a-Pierrot,* it seemed at first as though there were little chance of Alexis' attaining his ambition.

In an evil moment, however, the *Crête-a-Pierrot* held up a German vessel, which was carrying arms and ammunition to the other side, and the Emperor William set the mailed fist to work in the shape of the cruiser *Panther.* Captain Eckmann, who was in command of the latter, brought his vessel alongside the Haytian ship and ordered her to surrender.

The crew of the *Crête-a-Pierrot,* with true Haytian heroism, promptly rushed for the boats, leaving only the brave skipper, Killick, who was half a Scotchman, and two other men on board. Rather than surrender, Killick then blew up his vessel, which went down, while the German gunners gallantly blazed away into the burning wreckage. With it disappeared the hopes of the Firmin party.

Since then the disappointed general has spent his time wandering about amongst the neighbouring islands intriguing against his successful rival. Firmin poses as the champion of the pure-blooded negro element, while the President's leading supporters are found chiefly amongst the mulattos.

The danger to the white population lies in the fact that, when the Haytians become excited, they are no better than the most bloodthirsty savages. Except for the brutal and autocratic power wielded by the President, there is no pretence at either law or justice throughout the island.

When not fighting or drinking, the Haytian negro spends his time lying in the sun smoking innumerable cigarettes. All over the island the roads made originally by the Spanish and French have fallen into ruin, and the thick forests in the interior are peopled by depraved savages.

A story told by Mr. Sandham, the well-known American artist, will illustrate the state of discipline which prevails amongst the 8,000 ruffians who bear the courtesy title of "the army."

Mr. Sandham and an Irish friend, who resided in the island, were one day watching the Commandants of the Haytian army reviewing his troops.

"Would you like to see me break up the whole lot?" asked the Irishman.

"Of course," replied the artist.

The Irishman then took five silver coins from his pocket, and, with a loud shout, threw them up in the air. Instantly the whole army leaped forward and scrambled for the money, the Commandants himself securing the first three pieces. After pocketing them with dignity, and restoring order amongst his men, he ordered the Irishman to be arrested for bringing discredit on the army. The latter was sentenced to three weeks' imprisonment, but five pieces of silver and a bottle of rum secured his instant release.

QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

TEMPUS FUGIT.

Two young ladies had been looking at passing ships through a telescope lent them by one of the boatmen.

On handing the glass back one of the ladies remarked that it was a very good one.

"Yes, miss," said the ancient mariner; "that 'ere telescope was given me by Lord Nelson."

"Good gracious! Why, Nelson has been dead over a hundred years!"

"Well, I'm blowed!" replied the salty one, unabashed. "How time flies!"

WILLING TO BE CONVINCED.

A STURDY tramp one day went into a suburban garden, where the lady of the house was engaged in attending to the flowers. He took no notice of her refusal to give coppers, but continued his importunity until a bull-dog appeared, growling ominously. The lady seized it by the collar and held it, calling out:

"You had better go away at once; he may bite you."

"You ain't got no right to keep a savage dorg like that," replied the tramp in outraged tones.

"Perhaps I have not," was the cool answer. "If you think so, I won't keep him—I'll let him go."

The latch of the gate clicked violently, and in twenty seconds that tramp had vanished into space.

TOWNE: "You look rather weary, old man."

BROWNE: "Yes; I've had a trying time this past week."

TOWNE: "Ill?"

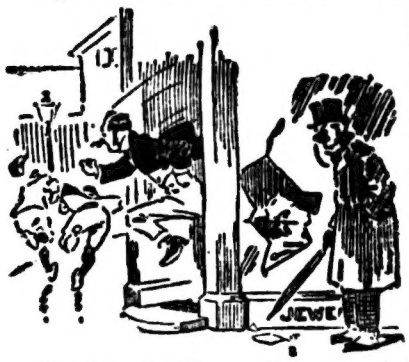
BROWNE: "No; on a jury."

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Two boys were standing with their noses glued to the jeweller's shop-window, when a kind-looking old gentleman approached.

"Now," he said, "I wonder which of you two lads is the best runner?"

Both immediately loudly claimed the distinction. "Sh-sh!" said the old gentleman. "We will soon settle that point. You must start now from here, and run completely round this block of buildings. I will wait here, and the boy who reaches me first shall have sixpence. One, two, three!"



The boys started off like the wind, and simultaneously there was a loud crash. The jeweller rushed out of his shop, and perceived first that there was a large hole in his shop-window; and, secondly, that two ragged boys were running for dear life up the street.

He thirsted for their blood, and so he ran also in pursuit. Then the kind-looking old gentleman entered the shop, from which he emerged with bulky pockets a few minutes later, looking, if anything, more benevolent than ever.

PEDLAR: "Would you like to buy a motto, 'May our home be blessed'?"

MRS. SCRANN (who keeps a boarding-house): "No; but if you have any reading, 'Curb your appetite,' 'Eat in moderation,' or 'Gluttony is a sin,' I'll take half-a-dozen."

VERY EFFECTIVE.

THE bell in the private office rang three times, and the man at the desk hastily reached for a flannel bandage, which he put round his neck. Then he arranged a sling, in which he put one arm, disarranged his hair, drew down the corners of his mouth, got out of his chair, and painfully limped towards the door.

"Mr. Smithkins?" inquired the well-dressed man who opened it just at that moment.

The man with the bandage gave a half-suppressed groan, and answered:

"Yes, that's my name. What can I do for you?"

"You seem to be suffering," suggested the caller.

"Suffering!" returned the other. "Do you think I'm doing this for fun? Do you suppose I bandage my throat for amusement, tie up my arm for sport, and limp because I think it's graceful? And I've been this way for six months. But what can I do for you?"

"Pardon me," said the caller, backing out. "I'll call again some other time."

"It's some trouble," soliloquised the man with the bandage as he removed the harness and returned to his desk, "but experience has taught me that it is really the quickest way to discourage a life insurance agent and keep him discouraged. That fellow will never come back."

WOULDN'T HAGGLE.

IT happened in Scotland, near a golf links. Swiper was playing the ancient and royal game, and, making a powerful drive, hit a rustic in the eye. Naturally the rustic felt considerably pained, and, with his hand to the damaged orb he rushed up to Swiper.

"This'll cost ye five pounds—five pounds," he shrieked, pointing to his now sable-hued optic.

"But," expostulated the golfer, "I called out fore as loudly as I could, you ought to have heard it."

"Did ye, sir," replied the injured one much appeased. "Well I didna hear ye; I'll take fower."

MAMMA: "I'm surprised at you, Johnny!"

JOHNNY (thoughtfully): "I wonder if you'll ever get used to me, mamma! You're always surprised at me."

MABEL: "And did your grandfather live to a green old age?"

JACK: "Well, I should say so! He was swindled three times after he was seventy."

A COOL HAND.

Her father was a man of might,
Moreover he could box,
And more than once his powerful right
Had felled a lusty ox.
His soaring hopes, the youth was told,
Were doomed to bear no fruit;
Yet, confident, undaunted, bold,
He calmly pressed his suit.

Her mother hired a savage dog,
And kept it in the hall.
The fearsome beast was all agog
To bite him, should he call;
Her brother bought an army Colt,
And swore that he would shoot.
In vain. The lad disdained to bolt,
He coolly pressed his suit.

"No chicken-hearted swain," you'll say,
"No namby-pamby muff!
The boy was fashioned, come what may,
Of honest, manly stuff!"
And I am sure you'd never guess,
Though painfully astute,
'Twas with a patent trouser-press,
He pressed his only suit.

FIRST SHOP ASSISTANT: "What a tiresome customer that woman is!"

Second Assistant: "Yes; she always knows what she wants, and she won't take anything else."

"YES, ma'am," the convict was saying, "I'm here jist for tryin' to flatter a rich man."

"The idea!" exclaimed the prison visitor.

"Yes, ma'am, I jist tried to imitate his signature on a cheque."

USED TO IT.

THERE was a wild shriek from passing pedestrians as the scaffolding gave way, and a man fell from a great height. He cannoned on the third storey cornice, struck the telegraph wire in front of the second storey windows, and fell on the pavement with a sickening thud.

Strong men turned away their faces. A woman fainted. Then a policeman ran forward and stepped over the man, who, it was thought must be killed. But he wasn't. He rose with a spring and nearly knocked the policeman off his feet.

"Aren't you hurt?" everyone questioned.

"Hurt!" was the contemptuous response. "Why, I have driven a motor-car every day for five years!"

And he walked away whistling. "There was I, waiting at the church."

QUITE HONEST.

A GENTLEMAN went into a fancy shop to buy something. As it was early, the shopkeeper had to go upstairs to get his cash-box in order to procure some change.

Before doing so he went into the little room next to the shop, and whispered to his little son, "Watch the gentleman that he don't steal anything."

Then, bringing the boy out, sat him on the counter.

As soon as the shopkeeper returned, the child sang out, "Pa, he didn't steal anything; I watched him!"

WHAT HE KNEW.

THE lawyer shook his finger warningly at the witness, and said:

"Now, we want to hear just what you know, not what someone else knows, or what you think, or anything of that kind, but what you know. Do you understand?"

"Well, I know," said the witness, with emphasis, as he leant forward easily in the box, "I know that Jim Clay said that Bill Thomson told him that he heard John Thomas's wife tell Sid Smith's daughter that her husband was there when the fight took place, and he said that they flung each other about in the meadow pretty considerable."

ENGLISH TRAVELLER (to Irish railway porter labelling luggage): "Don't you keep a brush for that work, porter?"

Porter: "Shure, yer honour, our tongues is the only insthruments we're allowed; but they're asy kep' wet yer honner!" (Hint taken.)

POOR JOHN.

JOHN JOGGLES is the happy father of thirteen youngsters, and he is proud of them all. But being the parent of such a large family has its drawbacks, as John occasionally learns to his cost.

The other day, he decided to give them a little holiday and, accompanied by Mrs. Joggles and the whole of his olive branches, he proceeded to the railway-station. The procession seemed to invoke merriment in all who witnessed it, and sundry remarks were directed to the proud parent, which only made him feel more proud.

The porter's ejaculation on seeing the little gathering, however, quite hurt poor Joggles' feelings, and it was quite unintentional on the railwayman's part too.

"Hullo," he said critically, "what 'ave you been doing."

Poor John stared vacantly, and answered, "Nothing! Why?"

"Then," remarked the porter, "what's all this blooming crowd follerin' yer for?"

WOULD-BE CONSIDERATE HOSTESS (to son of the house): "How inattentive you are, John. You really must look after Mr. Brown. He's helping himself to everything."

(Discomfiture of Brown, who, if somewhat shy, is conscious of a very healthy appetite.)

THE COLLECTOR'S MISTAKE.

JACKSON was busy in his front garden at No. 11 yesterday, when an important individual accosted him.

"Good afternoon!"

"Good afternoon!" was Jackson's reply.

"I've called from Brown and Co. to collect your little account with them."

"You have, have you?"

"Yes; this makes the sixth application."

"The sixth! You are sure it's the sixth?"

"Quite sure, and I'm instructed to say that if you don't settle up to-day proceedings to recover will be taken against you."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Are you going to pay it now?"

"Certainly not. I'll see you and Brown and Co. hanged first before I pay you a cent."

"Very well, sir, very well. You'll be sorry for this if I'm not mistaken, Mr. Jones."

The debt-collector hurried off, but had scarcely taken twenty steps when Jackson recalled him.

"Oh, you've thought better of it, have you, Mr. Jones?"

"Be good enough to call me by my right name, if you please."

"What, aren't you Mr. Jones?"

"No, I'm not Mr. Jones, nor was I ever a Mr. Jones. If you want to know where Mr. Jones lives, find out. He doesn't live here."

And the debt-collector walked off, figuratively kicking himself for mistaking No. 11 for No. 17.

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THERE IS A COST CORNER IN MY HEART FOR YOU	J. W. Tate
DORA? LAURA? ...	Denham Harrison
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Good Friday	April 10.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	March 27 — 7.21
Easter Monday	April 13.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 28 — 7.23
Whitsun Monday	June 1.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 29 — 7.25
Bank Holiday	August 3.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 30 — 7.27
Christmas Day	December 25.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	" 31 — 7.28
Boxing Day	December 26.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	April 1 — 7.30
							" 2 — 7.31

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